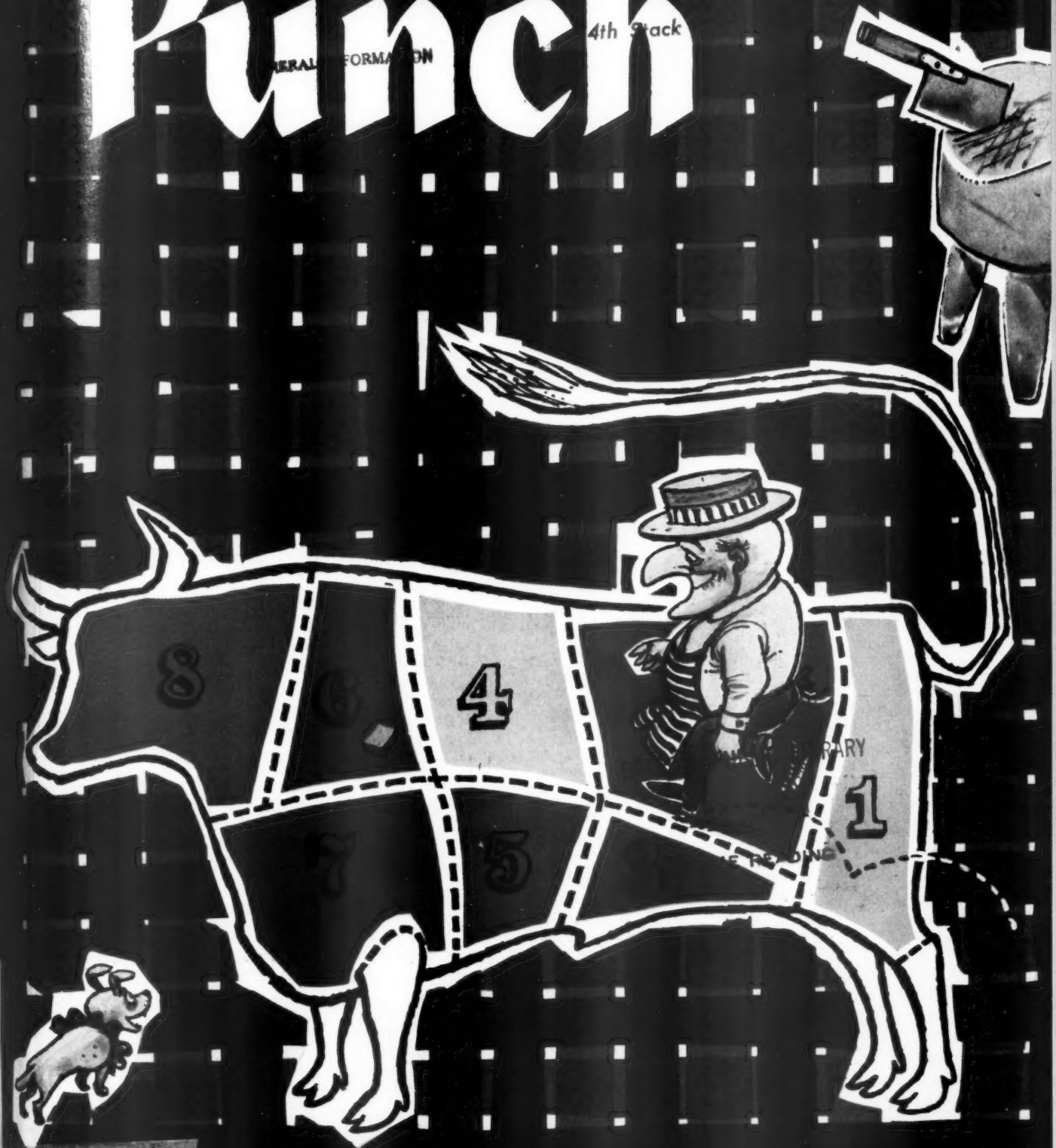


Punch

9d

4th Stack

GENERAL INFORMATION



Keith Temple



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YOU need only a very little Whitbread to prove an interesting point. It's that a Whitbread really has a flavour all its own, a flavour quite different from anything you normally associate with the produce of the hop bine and the barley field. Take a small glass and pour a small Whitbread into it. Smell it. Roll it round your tongue, as if you were trying a wine. *Contemplate* the flavour. *Savour* the after-taste. You'll find

A flavour to intrigue you

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APR 3 1961

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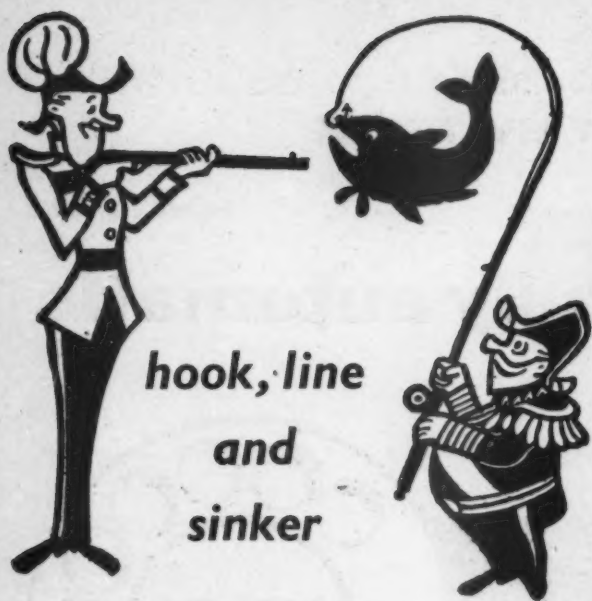
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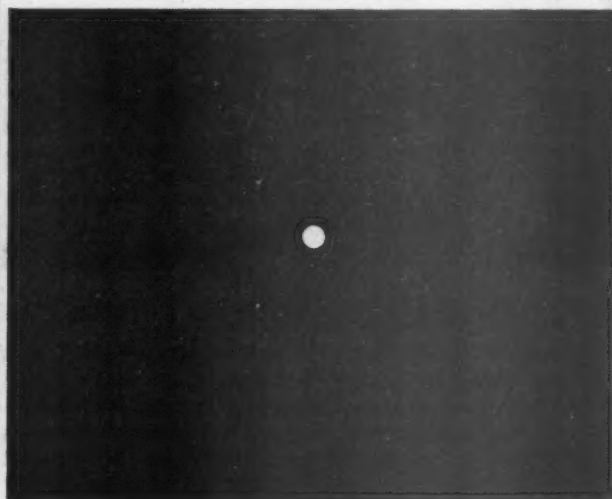
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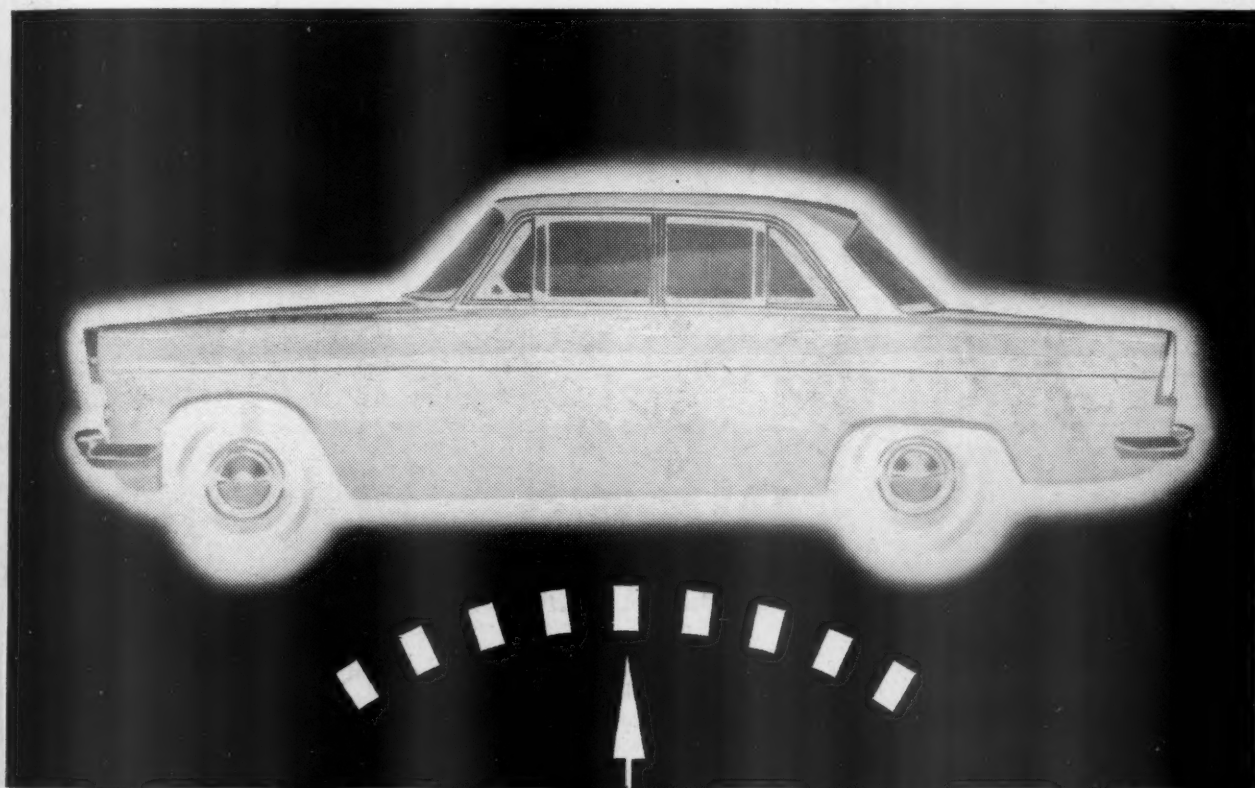
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HOME READING

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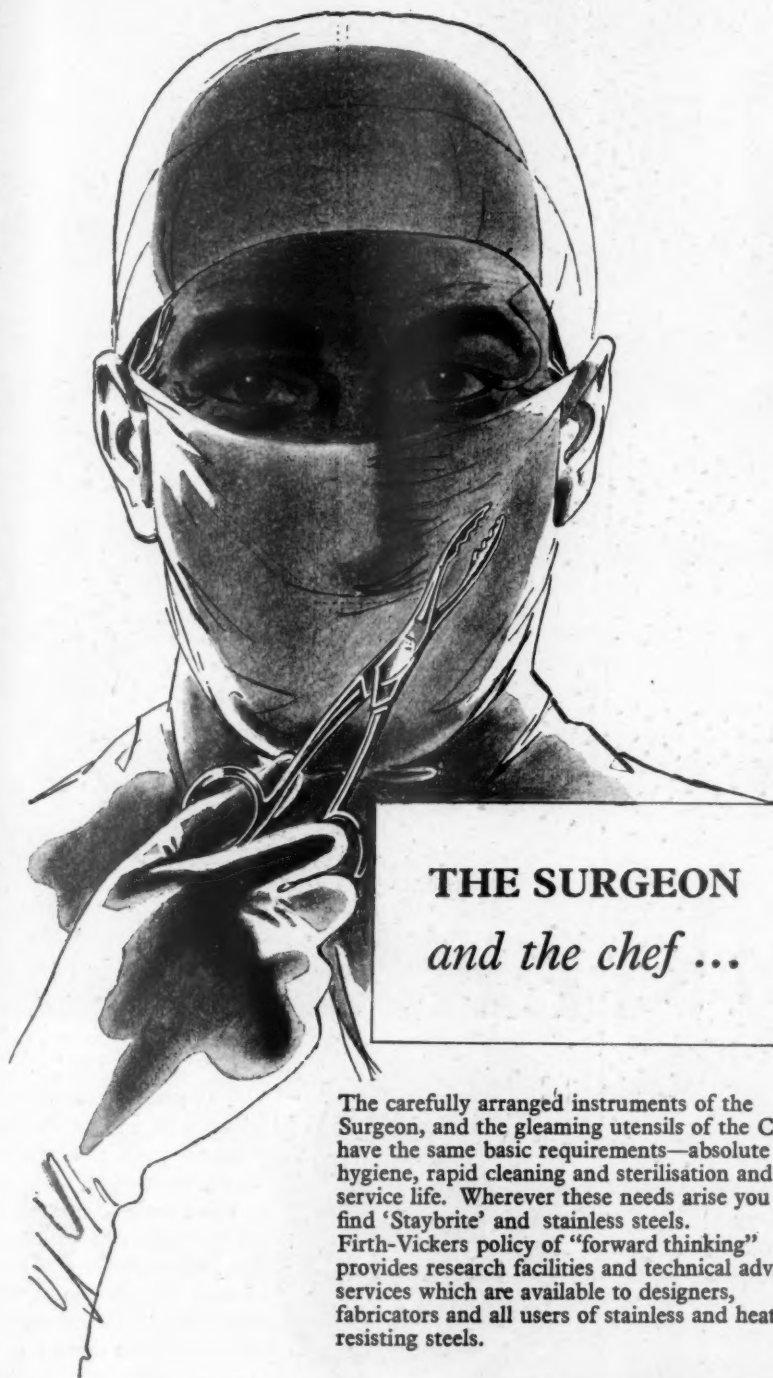
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like...



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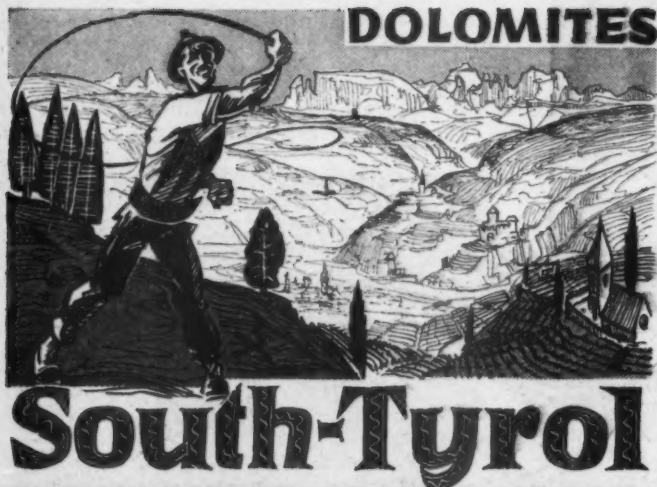
Many a future product now on the designer's drawing board, or already in prototype, will be a better product because of the stainless steel tubes to be used in its construction.

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HOTEL EXCELSIOR - Every comfort - Large park.

HOTEL FLORA - Quiet position - On the Promenade.

HOTEL IRMA - 100 beds - comfort - roof-sun-terrace - garden.

HOTEL MINERVA - Up to date - Quiet position - Own park.

HOTEL MIRABELLA 2nd Cl. - Radioactive bathing cures 1/1-31/12.

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COLLE ISARCO 3600 ft., to the South of the Brenner, at the gate to the Dolomites.

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LAGO DI BRAIES - 5000 feet - the most delightful lake of the Dolomites.

GRANDHOTEL LAGO DI BRAIES 1st Class - 200 beds - beautiful location - modern comfort - all sports facilities.

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Full board 20sh to 60sh - Information: Azienda Soggiorno.

Famous cableway: Ortisei 4055 feet to Alpe Siusi 6579 feet.

HOTEL AQUILA 1st Class - Park - 220 beds - 55 bath-rooms.

TIRES 3600 feet. In the heart of the Dolomites - Alpine tourist centre.

HOTEL LAVINA BIANCA - 120 beds, comf., reasonable prices.

Information from: Your Travel Agency, Dolomites Information Bureau, Suffield House, 79 Davies St., London W 1, and Ente Provinciale Turismo, Piazza Walter 22, Bolzano (Italy).



...but everyone
has a 'double'
when it's
Vat 69



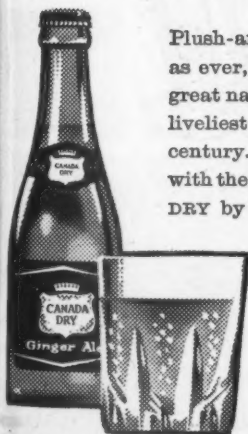
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Drink: Whisky and Canada Dry Ginger Ale



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FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

alsace lorraine vosges



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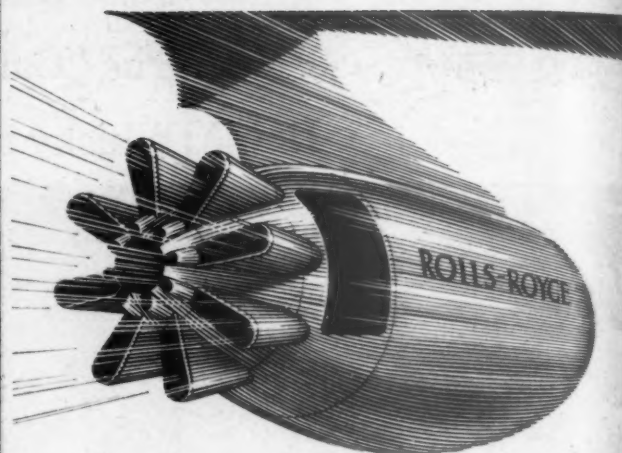
Heavily mantled in their evergreen trees, the Vosges mountains link Alsace to Lorraine in this eastern part of France, where to linger is such a joy. For some, the magnet will be Gérardmer, magnificent lakeside resort in a sylvan setting—for others, Nancy, enchanting survival of an age of perfect elegance—or Strasbourg, ancient Cathedral City, yet the modern capital of Europe—for others still, the ancient villages, timbered houses and quiet inns of the Wine Road of Alsace. Indeed, the connoisseur will find there a hundred other equally valid reasons for dalliance.

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When qualified, pay at age 20 is £949 a year; a married officer of 25 can receive up to £1,760 a year. Selected officers serving on a 12 year engagement have the opportunity of transferring to a pensionable career.

New 5-year commissions for Helicopter Pilots

There is a new scheme of engagement for men wishing to specialise as helicopter pilots only. They join between ages 17–26 on a 5 year commission and receive £775 tax-free gratuity on termination.

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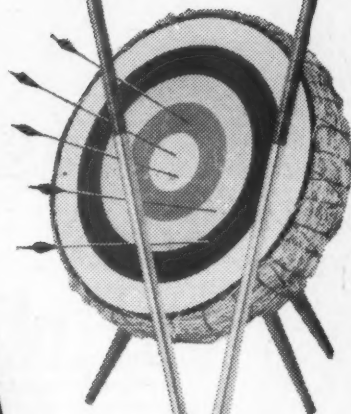
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HOOVER LIMITED

NEW PRODUCTS FOR 1961

The Annual General Meeting of Hoover Limited will be held on March 29 at the company's offices at Perivale. Mr. O. M. Mansager, Deputy Chairman, is to preside.

The following are extracts from the "Annual Review":

The past year has been one of contrast with rapidly changing conditions which have tested the resilience and flexibility of your Company to the full.

In the first quarter a high rate of sales was maintained; but, as was anticipated in last year's Annual Review, there were already indications of an adjustment to a lower level of demand as the initial effect of the removal of credit restrictions during 1958 wore off.

We were, therefore, engaged in a planned reduction of output when the Government's sudden reimposition of hire purchase controls at the end of April created a situation of danger which could only be met by an immediate further curtailment of output, with all the attendant evils of steeply rising production costs, strained labour relations, and inefficiency. Home sales fell by no less than 33½ per cent. as compared with the last three quarters of 1959.

The achievement, in the face of this situation of a consolidated profit from the Group of £6,372,783 the second highest in your Company's history, is we believe, evidence of the virility of all divisions of the organization and the repute our products enjoy both at home and abroad.

POLICY OF PLANNED DEVELOPMENT

Two other factors must be taken into account in interpreting this result. Firstly, the earnings of the first quarter contributed very largely to the overall profit. Secondly, were it not for the policy, in past years, of ploughing back large sums for the development of our overseas subsidiaries and the expansion of our export outlets throughout the world, the effect of the sharp contraction in home demand would have been even more serious. This deliberate policy of planned development of our export markets has resulted in a further increase during 1960 of 37 per cent. in our sales abroad, mitigating to some extent the steep fall in demand at home. We are proud to be able to report that in 1960 your Company was responsible for 75 per cent. of the total United Kingdom exports of Washing Machines and Vacuum Cleaners.

We cannot impress upon the Government too strongly, that our continuing success in export markets is dependent upon the cost advantages which accrue from a stable flow of production.

It would clearly be against the national interest if the position we have striven so hard to win were to be endangered by our inability to maintain our competitive position abroad. This is a very real possibility if production for the home market continues to be disrupted by constant changes in hire purchase controls, thus limiting the scope of achieving economies in production costs.

Moreover, the belief that a restricted home demand will force manufacturers to divert their output to overseas markets is both erroneous and dangerous. Export markets can only be developed by unremitting effort over a long period, backed by highly competitive prices and by a constant process of product evolution dictated by the requirements of each market.

It is with these facts in mind that we have urged upon the Government during the year, the adoption, in consultation with industry, of a long-term credit policy, which would stabilize the amount of deposit and the period of repayment for a specific number of years.

We believe that, given these conditions, the "stop go" policy which has been forced upon the domestic appliance industry in post war years, would disappear and allow it to play a better part in a growing economy.

During 1959 a buoyant home market enabled us to operate at full capacity and low unit costs, and advantage was taken of these favourable conditions to make substantial reductions in our export prices to improve our position vis-à-vis foreign manufacturers.

THE RANGE OF HOOVER PRODUCTS

The products your Company offered to its customers in 1960 constituted a most comprehensive range of floor conditioning and home laundry appliances—each model representing the best in design, workmanship and value.

We have augmented this range still further with the introduction in March 1961 of the Hooverette, a low priced cleaner of special design, a re-designed Hoovermatic with thermostatic controls, and a fully automatic Washing Machine, the Keymatic, which we believe is technically far in advance of any other automatic washing machine on the market, and which, at the most competitive price of 115 guineas, will appeal to all sectors of the Community and revolutionize wash-day habits.

The Keymatic was designed by the Engineering Division at Perivale and tribute must be paid to all members of this division for the part they played in the development of this exceptional product.

This augmented range of products will ensure that your Company

will be in a position to meet the growing competition which is being experienced in all our markets.

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE

The year has seen considerable expansion of our production factories.

At Merthyr Tydfil, the extension to our Washing Machine factory of 110,000 square feet, which was mentioned in our last Annual Review, was completed and now houses the production of our new Keymatic.

At our Cambuslang factory, a building of 85,000 square feet, which was planned to accommodate the motors for our enlarged range of Washing Machines, is well advanced and should be in operation by April, 1961.

As pointed out in the last Annual Review, additional space at Perivale is essential, and it was hoped the building could be commenced during 1960. Planning consent, however, was refused and we are still awaiting the result of our appeal. It is hoped that this will be upheld and that we may start on this project during the coming year.

These expansion programmes have been and are being carried through, despite the difficulties of the past year, realizing that the long-term demand for our products will fully utilize the resources of these new facilities.

With the rising standards of living in the industrialized nations of the world and the growing prosperity of many of the under-developed countries, the future demand for domestic appliances of all kinds has immense potentialities.

With this in mind, a new Company, Hoover Worldwide Corporation, to which we have contributed a 40 per cent. share, has been formed, to study these growing markets and to act in an advisory capacity to the Hoover Group of Companies in planning future policy and the deployment of resources to the best advantage.

We believe that the creation of this organization, able to give its undivided attention to future development, will be of inestimable value in assisting your Company in its general growth and the utilization of resources in the best possible way.

FINANCIAL RESULTS

The consolidated net profit before taxation of £6,372,783 has been arrived at after deducting £1,326,447 for depreciation. This compares with £11,135,225 last year after deducting £1,391,923 for depreciation.

Taxation is estimated at £2,851,818 and the net profit after taxation becomes £3,520,965 compared with £5,485,662 for 1959.

The proportion of profit attributable to the minority shareholdings £137,862 and the profit retained by subsidiaries £463,766 reduce the Hoover Limited profit to £2,919,337.

A further £375,000 has been added to General Reserve, bringing this up to a total of £2,500,000. As the Company has formulated a Contributor Scheme to provide improved pensions for almost all employees, it is not necessary to make further provision for the Employees' Superannuation Scheme.

Last year's unappropriated balance on Profit and Loss Account was £6,116,053, but this has been reduced by £2,450,000, being the amount capitalized and applied to the issue of 9,800,000 "A" Ordinary Shares of 5s. each and by £14,920 the expenses of the Capital Issue. After taking these into account, the final balance available for appropriation by Hoover Limited is £6,195,470.

DIVIDENDS

The Board recommends a final dividend of 40 per cent. less tax on each Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Share, making a total of 45 per cent. for the year. This is equal to 90 per cent. dividend paid last year on half the present share capital. The capitalization of profits took place after the Annual General Meeting last year.

Although there has been a substantial reduction in the profits of the Company, the Board are satisfied that after the payment of the above dividend there will remain ample resources to carry through its plans for the continued development and expansion of the Company's activities.

PROSPECTS FOR 1961

A great deal of uncertainty surrounds the world economic scene at the present time and the prospects for this country, greatly affected as they are by economic conditions overseas, are not easy to assess. The domestic appliance industry is probably more closely linked to changing economic conditions than most and, unless these improve, it is difficult to foresee a real recovery from the present reduced volume of output. The recent change in the hire purchase repayment period from two to three years is unlikely to have more than a marginal effect in stimulating sales.

However, your Company is broadly based and, with the advent of the new products mentioned earlier in this Review, is in a more favourable position to overcome the problems of 1961.



Money is our Business

The finance of farming and of its many ancillary trades is a very substantial part of our business, and it is proper that money should be in the forefront of the picture. We take pride in our share in agriculture, and indeed in every other kind of business enterprise, but our part is primarily a financial one; for after all, our business is money.

Barclays Bank Limited

PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6287
March 15 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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The London Charivari

IN a way it's rather appropriate that the first nuclear submarine to put in at Holy Loch should be the *Patrick Henry*. I doubt if the name of this talkative eighteenth-century Governor of Virginia is known to more than a very small proportion of the British public; but if there is one remark of his that is familiar to us, it's "As for me, give me liberty or give me death," and that isn't a bad motto for Polaris-wielders, who have it in their hands to some extent to offer us either commodity.

The Isle is Full of Voices

AER LINGUS say that their girls are to be coached in soft, lilting tourist-attracting Irish accents. How different from the bluff attitude to speech of British Railways, who will let

The train now standing at No. 2 platform is the S.12 for Avalon, Atlantis & Tinian Og

the loudspeakers along a Sussex line be manned by Scotsmen, Jamaicans, Yorkshiremen, stage yokels from Mummer-set, cockneys, terribly refined females with sinus trouble and near-mutes. However, this confused branch of the transport system has its moments. I once heard a station announcement end breathlessly "Stop it, Fred!"

Abominable Snowmen

SOME people don't know when they're well off. The chief of the Swiss finance department says that annual income tax evasions total about



£42,000,000. Considering the moderation of the tax demands made on the peaceable, atomless, virtually unarmed, fleetless, tourist-rich citizens, this looks very much to an outside observer as if they're all evading it.

Tom, Dick and the Hon. Member

THE motto among Labour nuclear opponents, bandying their arguments about with more and more use of Christian names, seems to be "The rancour's but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that." The Hughs and Dicks and Harolds fly as fast as the acrimony. I wish Conservatives would get a bit more matey when they snarl at each other. Bob Salisbury never gives Tosh Macleod a wiggling and Jerry Nabarro never seems to get in Dutch with Lofty Lloyd. Perhaps there would be more real international amity if Charlie de Gaulle gave Konnie Adenauer a piece of his big mind and Nikky told Johnny Fitzgerald where he got off.



"It's killing him—up half the night in the House of Commons, then all day in the gym training for a snap election."

Anti-Midge Cream Ready

UNSEASONABLE weather, which excites photographers nearly as much as people arriving at London airport, always reveals the neat householders. Who are these people who, within an hour or two of summer sunshine appearing in mid-winter, can lay their hands on bathing costumes and beach mattresses and white flannels and large, floppy hats? Do they never put things away at the bottom of rickety piles of uncertainly poised baggage? Perhaps they listen to some late weather forecast and sit up all night getting their kit together.

Endogamy and Big Business

THE case of the lady technologist in Shell who has been told that if she marries an ICI employee she will have to consider resigning has spotlighted a curious effect of the growth of the great corporation. It will look after its workers in sickness and buy table tennis equipment for them and encourage them to produce plays. But Big Brother expects them in return to give their loyalty, their family loyalty, to the paymaster. All you young lovers, make sure you have no connection with the firm next door.

Bless 'em All

BRITISH troops, for all their cute bedside lamps and suitcases instead of kitbags, never get that buoyant lift of

morale that comes to Turks on parade when, as mentioned in a report of an inspection during the Queen's tour, the officers address their men *Merhaba asker* (Hello, soldiers) and the ranks reply *Sagol* (May you live long). The nearest approach to this in our contemptible little army was an officer in a crack regiment who bellowed "Hi-de-hi!" to his men whenever he happened to meet them, naturally requiring them to riposte "Ho-de-ho!" This caused some fuss at the time when, as far as I recall, no Other Rank was ever heard to come back with anything remotely resembling "May you live long."

No Umbrellas for Banderillos

WINKLEPICKERS are banned as walking-out dress for Arsenal footballers because their poor feet are killing them. There is scope for much wider sporting sartorial censorship. Nothing looks sillier than a potential Sugar Ray Robinson landing a punch which is little more than a caress because the vigorous manhood of his maulers has been debauched by squeezing them into tight gents' kid, and many a likely miler or hurdler must have cramped the poetry of his action by off-track addiction to the drainpipe drug. Sportswomen, too, must be on their guard. Whatever fictitious expertise they may have gained in sack-race circles a year or two ago may well have been flung away by inept attempts to address the golf ball in stiletto heels.



"Typical. Everything on the cheap."

In next Wednesday's

PUNCH

"Strictly for the Birds"

Two pages of drawings by

THELWELL



Diminishing Returns

3. Theatre

By RICHARD FINDLATER

Oh, That Sort of Idea!

A PARLIAMENTARY pressure group called the Moral Law Defence Association has been set up with the avowed object of "putting ideas into the minds of MPs." This sounds a thankless, if noble, undertaking, until one reads on to find that one of its first targets will be striptease clubs.

Sport from the Footplate

THOSE English squires who thundered against the march of the railways foresaw just the sort of thing that was described the other day in court at Hatfield, where a train driver was fined £2 for stopping his locomotive to shoot at a pheasant. Henceforth, when the Royal Scot arrives fifty-five minutes late at Euston passengers will less readily accept the excuse that the delay was caused by track modernization in the Midlands. One would prefer British Railways to make a clean breast of it: "We regret your train has been delayed owing to a brush with gamekeepers outside Rugby." You don't wonder poor *Bradshaw* had to give up in despair.

Lip Service

THE newest development in hearing aids is something so small that it can be built into a back tooth; so from now on story-tellers who have their audiences listening open-mouthed need not flatter themselves that they have got them breathless with excitement. It will only mean that they are a little hard of hearing.

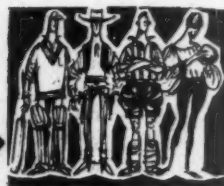
— MR. PUNCH



"Let's talk this thing over like civilized human beings."

Diminishing Returns

What is happening to the old staples of British entertainment? To the theatre, the cinema, soccer and cricket? Are they in fact declining? And if so, why?



SOCCER



By Geoffrey Green

GEOFFREY GREEN was born in India. Emigrated to Shrewsbury School and Pembroke College, Cambridge. Football Blue as freshman in 1929. Uncouth centre half. Misplaced school-master until 1937. Infiltrated journalism. Writer and broadcaster on Association football and lawn tennis. Loves music and other things—in that order.

IT was into the expanding social phase of the Victorian era that organized Association Football was born in these islands as a group game. It emerged at a healthy period of muscular Christianity when Englishmen, safe behind the shield of the Navy, thought of life in terms of peace and security which were, in fact, the result of local circumstances and not part of Nature's universal order.

Reared in the cities, soccer now spans the world, stressing perhaps the nearness of sport to art which have certain things in common—strong, emotional excitement; a system of conventions and rules which are as valid in their way as the categories of philosopher and physicist; exercise and creativeness within such a sphere.

In all this broad framework football has become an entertainment industry. The jingle of *£ s. d.* drums in its head like some pneumatic woodpecker of a modern concrete jungle. Yet romantics still remain who hear in football the first sound that turns the pages of the season to autumn.

In spite of the wind and the rain, the snow and ice that follow, it is a rich time of the year as the triumphs and tragedies of the game are devoured. Football, indeed, colours a season more than most sports and, in spite of all its problems and its commercialism, it remains a symbol to those who cannot watch it without some reaction to its legends. It is at once the march of time and the song of

memory, and for the dark hours it brings about a certain madness that does no ill.

Yet is that mid-winter madness now on the wane; are the romantics a dying race; is there a change of heart in the British people? Statistics would certainly say Yes as football, structurally and as a system, stands at the crossroads while new charters for the players are agreed and new ideas for its improved health are freely prescribed.

Figures are elastic and in the hands of the ingenious can be made to prove almost anything. Nought plus nought does not always equal nought if you are smart. But some plain, hard facts support the current wail about the missing millions at soccer.

These refer purely to the annual aggregate attendances at matches within the four divisions of the Football League itself and take no account of Cup-ties held under the jurisdiction of the Football Association or of the wider pond of the amateur game. Yet since the league programme is the backbone of professionalism as an entertainment industry these statistics are important as a yardstick:

Year	Aggregate Attendances
1949	41 million
1950	41½ "
1951	40 "
1952	39 "
1953	37 "
1954	36 "
1955	34 "
1956	33 "
1957	32½ "
1958	33½ "
1959	33½ "
1960	32½ "

This represents a loss of some nine millions since the war. The conclusion? That the boom years at the end of hostilities ceased around 1950. The vast majority of the missing

millions, it seems, were never true followers of football. Caught up in the post-war period of reaction they merely attached themselves to all forms of entertainment and relaxation. Football for a while caught their fickle fancy. Now that large floating vote has drifted away, and what remains is a hard core of support, though even this section is now having its undivided loyalty taxed.

In all this present crisis it may come as something of an anti-climax to quote the league attendances for the season 1938-39. British football then was at its supposed peak. England were still regarded as the masters of the game; we could still believe in our standards, for the balance of power in the game had not as yet shifted to the Continent or South America; the bleak unemployment of the early 1930s had ceased. Yet that league season, some twenty-two years ago, attracted a figure of 28,132,933 which is still some four million below the present. And the annual aggregates in the 1920s—forty years back—were seldom much above the twenty million mark.

To break down these figures we may use Arsenal as an individual example. Their average home gates for the six seasons before the war, and for six afterwards were:

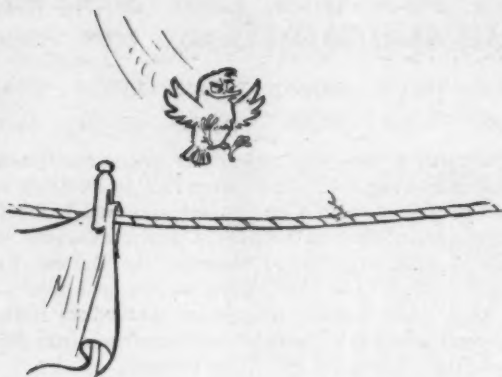
1933-34	1934-35	1935-36	1936-37	1937-38	1938-39
40,000	46,000	42,000	43,000	44,000	39,000
1949-50	1950-51	1951-52	1952-53	1953-54	1954-55
49,000	50,000	51,000	49,000	52,000	44,000

In the earlier span they were either league champions or Cup winners on four occasions; from 1950 to 1955 they were league champions once, Cup winners once and losing Cup finalists once. Thus it remains a fair comparison of a successful club. Last year, however, the Arsenal figure receded to 39,000 and now it is below that at a time when their other north London neighbours, Tottenham Hotspur, the present peacocks of these islands, have risen from 48,000 a season ago to over 50,000 at the moment.

As we look across the whole wide structure of football we see it as something of a pyramid. At its pinnacle sit the Football Association, the spiritual guardians of the game. Just below stand the Football League and all the various minor professional and semi-professional leagues up and down the country, all of them operating under the licence of the FA, yet self-autonomous bodies. Further down, stretching



"You've had all winter to get ready."



HARGREAVES

to the broad base, come the vast mass of amateur sides, organized into county leagues and competitions, the special care of the FA itself which can now boast over 32,000 clubs under its jurisdiction through the various County Associations. It is perhaps more a vast ant heap, in the shape of a pyramid.

Where amateur football is concerned I doubt if there has been a decline in general support over the past forty years. Rather the reverse if anything; or if not that, then a redistribution of followers as more clubs have joined the mushroom growth. Certainly where the FA Amateur Cup Final is concerned its move to the national showcase of Wembley Stadium has produced an enormous upsurge in interest.

Where the pre-war Final attendances were in the 20,000 region, the figure now bobs around the 75,000 mark, while on two occasions Pegasus, the combined Oxford and Cambridge University Club, drew 100,000 crowds when they won the amateur trophy in 1951 and 1953 against Bishop Auckland and Harwich. Yet recently when Pegasus played Bishop Auckland in a friendly game at the White City in London only some 250 interested humans and one inquisitive dog turned up. It seems that in football most people must have a cup or some other prize to excite their interest.

Football has long since acquired an important position in the business and social structure of the country. Its growth especially after the war when people were flocking madly to anything in a bubble of relief, has been determined by developments in transport, by a rising standard of living, by the concentration of people in towns and by shorter working hours.

Like other outdoor entertainments, football is largely local—the “consumer” must attend personally at the place at a fixed time. The “audience” is limited by ground capacity or by the safety limit indicated by the local authority, e.g. the police, who under the Home Office were given control of football grounds following the Bolton disaster in 1946 when thirty-three people were suffocated to death at a Cup-tie between Bolton Wanderers and Stoke City.

The social scene emerges from economic conditions, just as political events emerge from social conditions. Where football is concerned certain main factors affect the position. One is the *standard* of play shown by the various divisions of the League. This is reflected in match receipts in a ratio which roughly, is:

Div. I—8; Div. II—5; Div. III—3; Div. IV—2.

Another factor is the *potential support* based on the nearby population. A third item entails *transport*, which is an additional expenditure, thus giving the *location* of the ground an importance economically. Football, indeed, as an entertainment is in competition with other industries needing land and the more intense the competition the greater the demand for accommodation at a price.

Football as a crowd compeller still leads the field of all outdoor sports. Yet if the present decline in attendances is deceptive when measured against pre-war figures that still does not resolve it from condemnation. The game and its rulers, in fact, stand arraigned for having failed to hold the attention of a new public that offered itself after the war.

The highwater mark between the expanding years 1948 to 1954 has now receded, and the reasons for it are probably compounded of many things.

There are a number of thorns. It is easy enough, of course, to blame television which has affected so many things showing that progress of one sort or another often causes casualties. But it goes deeper than that, I believe. There has come a change of social habits, brought about by the Welfare State.

"We have never had it so good," we are told. Certainly there is a wider distribution of prosperity. The extension of hire purchase has brought all kinds of creature comforts for so long beyond the range of Mr. and Mrs. Average. Now families not only blink one-eyed at TV but own motor-cars: the wife, going to work, gives her share towards these new luxuries. On a Saturday now she and the family demand an outing in the shining automobile. Mr. Average, rightly and understandably, forgoes his place on the football terraces.

With all this there has grown a new awareness, a greater selectivity. Saturated by a variety of sport and entertainment, people tend more to husband their energies for something really worth while. Once football was the opium of the masses. No longer. Certainly occasions still excite in the most curious way. Last season over 64,000 turned up at White Hart Lane under the floodlights to see humble Crewe Alexandra, of the Fourth Division, tackle mighty Spurs in the Cup; this Christmas a 75,000 crowd crammed Goodison Park to watch Everton v. Burnley on Merseyside in a league match.

But nothing is taken for granted now. People's eyes have been opened to many things—to the higher artistic standards of the foreigner disclosed in show-pieces of internationals and European Cups; to the shabby amenities and discomforts so long endured in some of our antiquated, down-at-heel grounds in the vilest of weathers, mere barns compared with plush arenas overseas. A section of youth, too, regard football as "square," the old world of mum and dad.

Amateur and professional football have their different appeals, with the latter living in the fierce spotlight of publicity and linked subconsciously to football pools, which now cost the nation some £90 million a year. It is all so sad. The game had a fine harvest to gather in. But it was allowed to lie fallow. Now new methods will be needed to enrich the soil again—summer football, perhaps; the wooing of women to make it a family affair, in comfort.

Within the last decade the Football Association received this letter from the Cape Coast:

Dear New Friends in Christ,

I am over gratitude of receiving your lovely address. I was born in the year 24th June, 1933, which was Monday morning sharp about 8 a.m. And my present of occupation is footballer or football captain. Therefore immediately you hand this loving letter kindly try your possible and send me one of your catalogue. I am best player in Gold Coast. In the second letter I will let you have my beautiful photo with fine face. Please send me something which is use to play football during the friendly match. Now I have become a member of your Society I am sure everything will be FINE here.

With very great love,

Your new friend,

SOLOMON CHARLES BOTCHEY.

(Small boy danger)

That boy cared. And as William Saroyan, writing of the American scene, said:

"Baseball is caring. Players and fans alike must care, or there is no game. If there's no game there's no pennant race and no World Series. And for all any of us know there might soon be no nation at all."

Here at home it is the rulers of football who must care—or take care. That's if it's not already too late.

Next week: The Theatre by Richard Findlater



The LCC, Piccadilly Circus and the Floating Voter

By B. A. YOUNG

MY floating vote, which is practically unsinkable when it comes to electing my representatives on the London County Council, has been bobbing about a good deal lately as the Tories and the Socialists play political badminton with the fate of Piccadilly Circus.

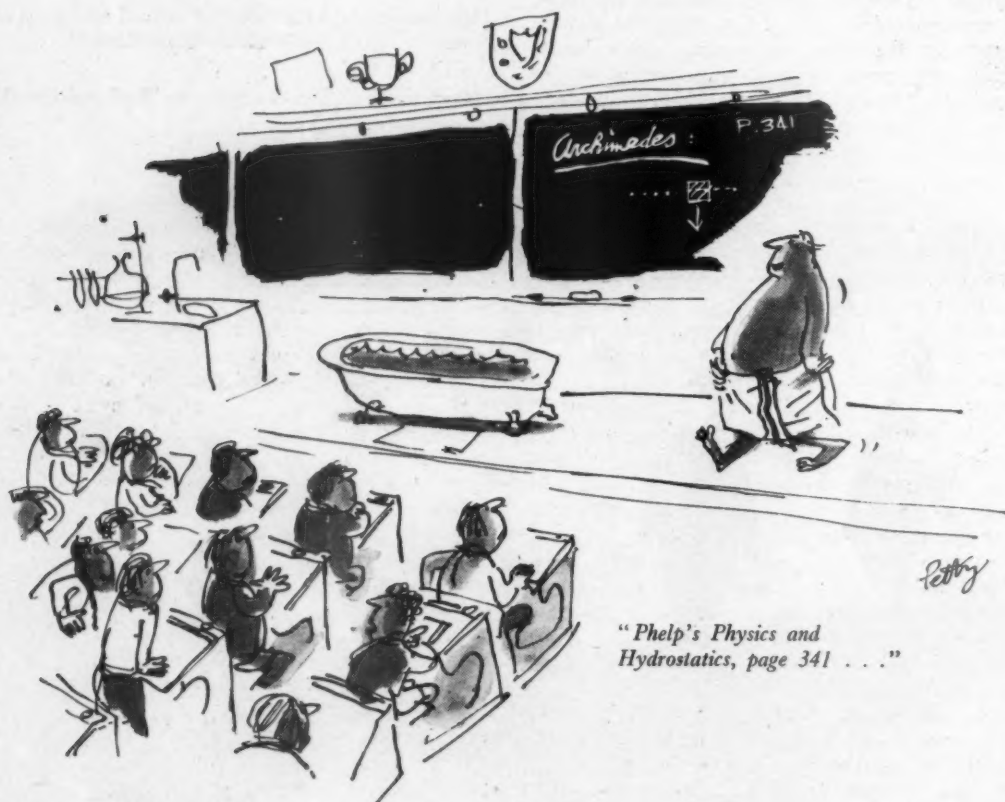
It first became agitated when I read that the Socialist LCC, having won the forthcoming election, was going to "nationalize" the Circus (which, rightly or wrongly, I regard as my back garden). Compulsory purchase would get them ten sparkling acres at the hub of the world, which they would cover with a hotel, a lake, roof-top car-parks and a piazza with Continental cafés. There is

a sour faction that holds that since the Government implemented the Wolfenden recommendations, or rather half of them, Piccadilly Circus has simply been an ugly and inconvenient cross-roads, but I can't go along with that. It contains among other amenities a tobacconist's, a jeweller's, an outfitter's, a cinema and a pub, all of which I use from time to time, the jeweller's I suppose least. The prospect of losing these, or at any rate of their being run by the municipality, sent my vote drifting over to the Right.

The Right issued its statement next day. Having won the forthcoming election, they were going to co-operate with private enterprise in redeveloping

the site, with compulsory purchase only if private enterprise declined to co-operate. The Conservatives, said a Conservative, "have long advocated an imaginative redevelopment scheme," but he didn't say whether or not he would retain the tobacconist's and the jeweller's, and so on. He did promise, though, that when the LCC had built this imaginative circus, any part of it that had been built with the ratepayers' money would be sold back to private enterprise at, one hopes, a slight profit.

Meanwhile the Socialist LCC had its own statement ready, which was to the effect that, having won the forthcoming election, they would ruthlessly sweep aside any private speculator unwilling to



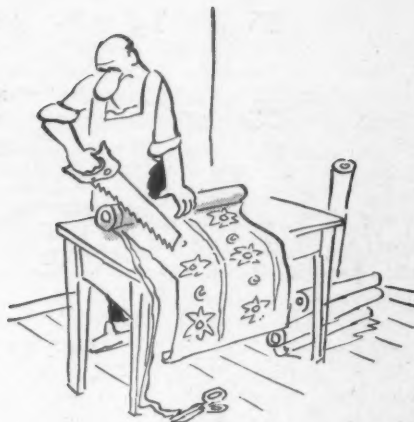
"Phelp's Physics and Hydrostatics, page 341 . . ."



Man Decorating

by

LARRY



conform with a comprehensive plan for redeveloping Piccadilly Circus. "We are not prepared," said, or wrote, Sir Isaac Hayward, "to stand aside and see Piccadilly Circus exploited for private profit in a manner which is against public interest. We shall take very strong measures to ensure that it is developed for the benefit of all."

Sir Isaac did not commit himself on the subject of lakes, piazzas and rooftop car-parks, but I take it he considers these to be for the benefit of all rather than against public interest. In my old-fashioned way I rather imagined that my tobacconist's, cinema, pub, and so on were for the benefit of all, too, so my vote remains uncomfortably neutral while I try to decide whether I would rather have a stall in the London Pavilion or a cake in an LCC-run Continental café full of the kind of people who hang around Piccadilly

Circus. Its neutrality is fortified by the realization that what Mr. Robert Vigers said for the Conservatives and what Sir Isaac Hayward said for Labour mean exactly the same thing, only one statement is rather more courteous than the other.

At least neither of them has committed himself to nationalizing the Circus, which would lead in the long run to having high railings erected all round it with a charge to go in, so my spies in the Left Wing camp who assured me that the nationalization scare was the crudest election propaganda story since the Zinoviev Letter may have been right. Sir Isaac has denied that the LCC is going to make the Piccadilly Circus affair an election issue, but admits that it looks like becoming one. However, if both sides are going to advocate the same thing, give or take a piazza or so, only in

different words, it hardly looks as though many floating votes are going to float one way or the other. Me, I would gladly vote for any party that promised to leave Piccadilly Circus alone.

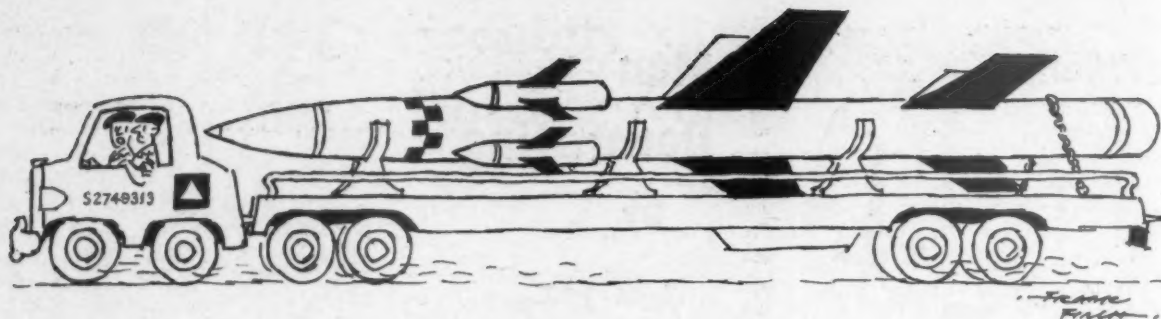
Meanwhile the propagandists had better get busy thinking up something else. For example, I have heard as a *fact*, a definite *fact*, that if the Socialists retain control of the LCC after the forthcoming elections they are going to nationalize Lady Lewisham.

☆

"A few years later [King] Charles was still playing golf, this time on Shield Field as a prisoner of the Scots at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Could he have known then, as he carefully rolled the ball into the hole, that a few years later his own head would be rolling? We will never know."

Golf Monthly

Seems unlikely though



"Do you have to say 'Venus here we come!' every time we hit a bump?"

Punchman on the Spot

Two or More Bumps

E. S. TURNER faces high adventure over Scandinavian waters

I WAS flying north over the Kattegat, a strait which would sound more romantic if it did not suggest a brand of cat food. The stewardess offered me a copy of the *Dagens Nyheder*, with a splendid front-page photograph of a wrecked aircraft, but I shook my head. I was already absorbed in the multi-lingual pamphlet which tells the passengers of Scandinavian Air Services how to face up to a crisis in the air.

Said this pamphlet: "If the captain finds an emergency landing necessary, he orders 'Prepare for emergency landing.' You should then:

1. Remove eye glasses, false teeth, sharp objects such as pencils, clips, etc.
2. Loosen necktie and collar.
3. Take off high-heeled shoes.
4. Put on the life-jacket unless otherwise ordered. *Do not inflate.*
5. Fasten seat belt and await further orders."

It may be that more experienced air travellers experience no *frisson* when contemplating measures like these. All I can say is that I lost no time in loosening my necktie and collar. I then began exploring my pockets for sharp objects (it is so easy to go on holiday with a couple of chisels and the garden secateurs in one's pockets) until I realized I was distracting the elderly lady beside me from her treatise on how to play better bridge. From my side-long inspection she appeared to have a good many sharp objects about her

person, not least in her ears, but she was already in a state of partial emergency because she had kicked off her high-heeled shoes. Mostly, though, I was worried about her dentures. Where would she put them when the emergency came? Probably on my seat while I was trying strenuously not to inflate my life-jacket. Or is it customary when the captain orders "Prepare for emergency landing" for the stewardess to come round with a tray and collect dentures, glass eyes and other *bric-à-brac* for removal to a safe? Another thing: when a patient goes into an operating theatre, which can be just as dicey as an emergency landing, smiling young women relieve him not only of dentures and glass eyes but of artificial limbs. Are airline stewardesses trained to remove legs, or do they merely hand out screwdrivers to passengers who require them?

There is plenty of time for all these precautions to be taken, since "landing preparations may last ten to twenty minutes." The next order is "Brace for impact," given about one minute before landing. "You must then: lean forward cradling your head in your folded arms on your knees (fig. 10) and hold this position until the plane comes to a final stop, usually after two or more bumps."

I was tempted to practice bracing for impact, but I had a nasty feeling that if I were to give a convincing performance, like the man in fig. 10, someone would

misunderstand and hand me one of those stout paper bags. Instead, I sat there pondering the implications of the phrase "two or more bumps." Obviously no air traveller would wish to find himself on the kind of flight which terminates in a single bump. Decidedly two bumps are better than one, but this does not mean that (say) ten bumps are necessarily better than two. No one would relish a protracted kangaroo-like progression across the Kattegat, still less the Skagerrak. I am grateful, however, to all those who, cradling their heads in who knows how many emergencies, have taken the trouble to count the bumps and afterwards to compare notes and strike an average, even if the figure they have reached is a little imprecise. For my part I will try to think of it as two bumps and no more.

From further reading of the pamphlet I learned that in the nearest escape hatch was coiled a stout rope to assist passengers to reach safety. I am sure the stewardesses could have slid down the rope very stylishly, despite their tight skirts, but they are, of course, young and (as the pamphlet says) their health is regularly checked. I flattered myself that I, too, could have slid down the rope unaided, always provided that I had not been bitten in a vital part by somebody's teeth, but I was less confident about some of the older passengers. Perhaps I wrong them; perhaps Danish granddads and Swedish nuns have an agility not to be found in

more effete democracies. Then I read that hatches are sometimes fitted with an evacuation slide, doubtless for the use of those whose rope-work is poor. The French version spoke of "*un toboggan d'évacuation facilitant la sortie rapide des passagers*," which conjures up a disconcerting picture of nuns, granddads, captains of industry and American moms all hurtling out of the fuselage like hooligans down a helter-skelter. I would choose the rope every time.

Obviously the safety experts had done their best to think of everything. They had allowed for the fact that certain passengers might not have enough puff to blow up their life-jackets, since these could be inflated if preferred by means of gas capsules. The pamphlet had a drawing of a girl with a silly smirk who had succeeded in putting on her life-jacket correctly, and the inference seemed to be that if a nitwit like this could do it so could we. Perhaps we could even remember to pull the blue cord to light the lamp

on the jacket, unless of course we preferred to float about the Kattegat unilluminated, a danger to ourselves and to shipping. To me, the girl in the picture looked just the kind who would inflate her jacket inside the aircraft, thus turning herself into a balloon which could not be pushed down any *toboggan d'évacuation*. Still, witless though she was, she looked as if she might be amusing enough company on the raft, inside the "tent which protects against wind, sun and water." Always provided she did not attempt to wear her stiletto heels.

The pamphlet said the crew would be glad to explain any doubtful points, but they were all so busy selling armfuls of duty-free goods (the acquisition of which, after all, is the main purpose of air travel) that I did not care to interrupt. Instead I began to read about the excitements of a pressure failure in a really big, high-altitude aircraft: "In an emergency a flap in the back of the seat in front of you or in the adjacent wall

will automatically open, presenting masks for oxygen breathing..." If they can design aircraft like that, I said to myself, surely they could have false teeth compartments opening automatically?

We came down at Oslo without even a single bump and left the aircraft by the usual staircase, which seemed satisfactory if a little anti-climactic. I realized that this happy ending had been rendered possible only because (in the words of the pamphlet) a considerable part of the fare had been used to ensure safety, or as the French version put it, *consacré aux mesures de sécurité*. Frankly I don't mind how much the airlines consecrate themselves to my security. I will even give up the boiled sweet and the glass of orange juice if it will help to keep me out of that *toboggan d'évacuation*.

☆

"JOINT TENDER FOR CUNARDER."

They always did eat well on those ships.



"... Harry? ... Bob? ... Michael? ... Richard? ..."

The Cantonese Invasion

A new Chinese restaurant opens in Britain every three days

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

MÜNCHHAUSENESQUE hyperbole was, perhaps, the dominant characteristic of the conversational style of Michael Patrick O'Brien, alias Robert Stephens, alias Stephen Stanley Ragan, the unfortunate traveller without a passport who found himself stuck aboard the ferry steamer Lee Hong shuttling between Hong Kong and Macao because neither Macao, where he had embarked, nor Hong Kong, where he wanted to disembark, would permit him to land.

By the time I went aboard to meet him he had already made his apparently endless little voyage more than three hundred times, and only twice would seem quite enough for most people; he might well have been allowed conversational licence to relieve the monotony. I found him alone in the ship's low-ceilinged saloon, which smelled of warm paint and fish, a Humphrey Bogart of a man, morosely idle in American merchant marine coarse blue denim work-clothes, gazing blankly at a nearly empty bottle that was labelled,

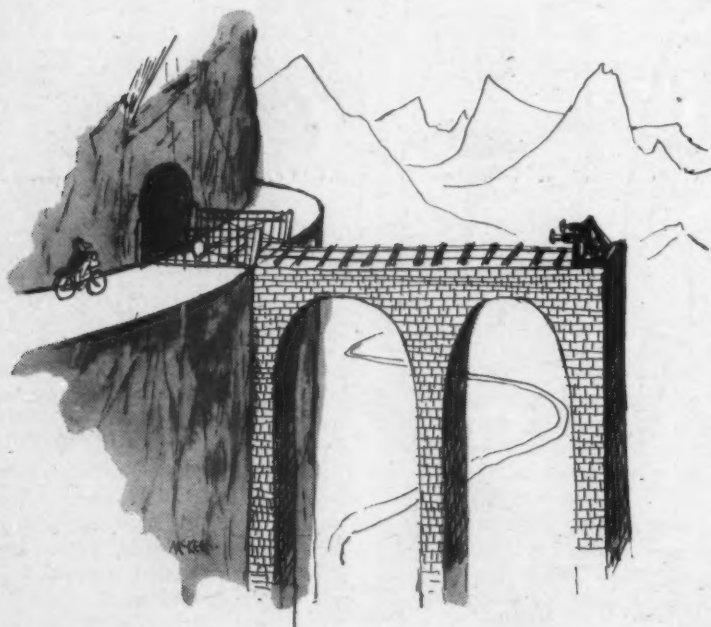
really, "No. 1 Scotch Whiskey: Guaranteed First Class Edinburgh Grapes." As I helped him to finish it he told me of life aboard the Lee Hong. There was only one major consolation, he said; he no longer had to endure the screams of monkeys being prepared for the tables of the restaurant beside which he had lived in Macao. Monkey brains and new-born mice, he said, were two of the Chinese delicacies which had diminished his enthusiasm for the place. I later looked all over Macao for Cantonese culinary wonders, but monkey brains and mice were off that week.

I was reminded of them in London the other day, when I met Mr. Chong Mong Young, the proprietor of the Hong Kong Restaurant in Shaftesbury Avenue and president of the newly-established Association of Chinese Restaurateurs, who are dedicated to elevating the standards and extending the appreciation of Chinese cuisine in Great Britain. As in Macao and Hong Kong, the food in this country's 1,100 Chinese restaurants is Cantonese, and

in the catalogue of Mr. Young's shop, the Hong Kong Emporium in Rupert Street, the foods listed include some exotic prodigies, such as Divine Dragon noodles, chrysanthemum and Phoenix Eyes tea, *muk yee* (fungus), water-lily roots, and even *bêches-de-mer*, which are Holothuroidea with leathery bodies and tentacles that are said to be edible. But monkey brains and mice are not on British menus, I'm happy to report, and the danger of their coming here seems sufficiently remote.

To the uninitiated to whom the word *Chinese* still evidently connotes wispy whiskers and skull-caps and a faint sweet musty whiff of waterfront opium dens, Mr. Young should be a soothing corrective figure. He personifies the harmonious blend of tradition and modernity that is represented also by the orthodox Chinese red lacquer and ornate paper lanterns of his dining-rooms and the automatic dishwasher in the kitchen. At the age of fourteen, when he migrated here from Hong Kong, he used to work from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight in Britain's first Chinese restaurant, the Cathay in Denman Street, which had been founded in 1909, the year after Chong Mong Young was born, and he has exerted himself to make sure that working conditions have steadily improved. Now he is able to dress like a prosperous English merchant banker; the pipe he smokes looks as though it might belong to an athletic English schoolmaster; the smile that frequently creases the fine parchment of Mr. Young's face is charmingly friendly and quite scrutable; and at home in Barons Court his son habitually plays in a cowboy hat.

"In London, orders for shark-fin soup and bird's nest soup are rare," he said. He doesn't encourage the British public to eat them, because shark-fin soup is rather like wallpaper-paste and bird's nest soup is as slippery and bitter as seaweed, and, unlike most Chinese food, both are expensive. He recommends the blander, more delicately



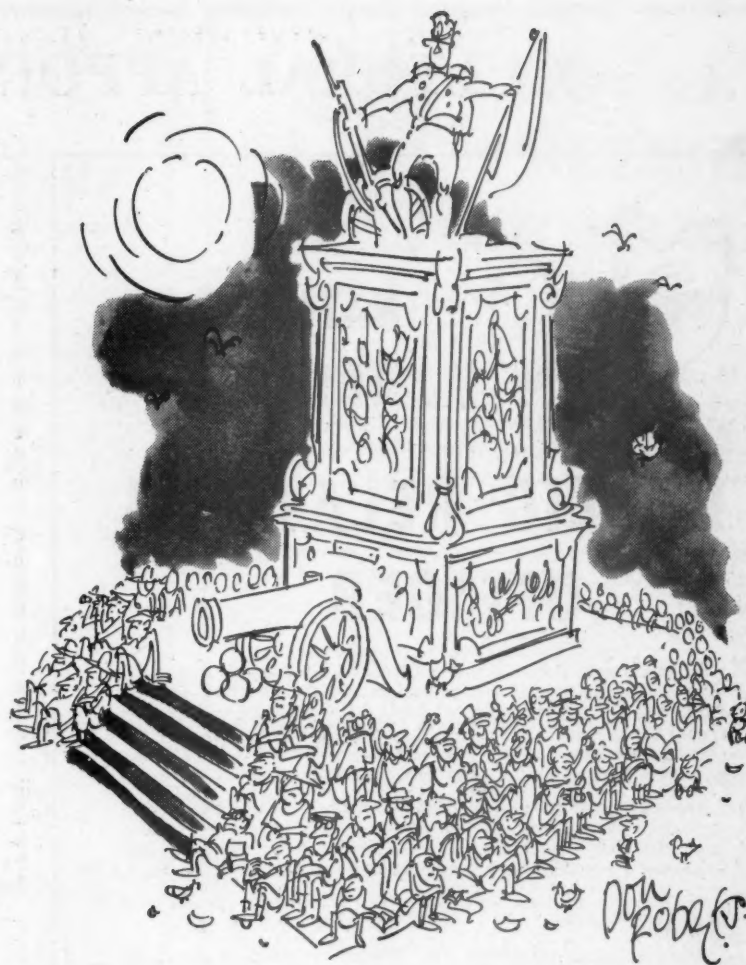
flavoured dishes, such as *chop suey*, crispy noodles, and sweet and sour pork, which gratify the taste buds and are easy on the alimentary tract and the cheque-book. A well-balanced meal of these most popular dishes, even in first-class London Chinese restaurant such as the Good Earth, the Bamboo House, the Lotus House, the Seventh Happiness, the Golden Dragon, or Mr. Young's own, need cost no more than about eight shillings.

He considered the widespread contention that one can stuff oneself with Chinese food and feel empty again half an hour later and he suggested that the criticism was actually a tribute to the easy digestibility that results from the fact that most Chinese food is finely shredded and much of it is boiled. As for chopsticks, which Mr. Young can supply in ivory, bone, bamboo or plastic, they can be amusing, or they can be as irritatingly unwieldy as a novice's skis, and no up-to-date Chinese restaurateur is scornful of knives and spoons and forks.

Bright, hygienic restaurants, serving pleasant, varied, reasonably priced Chinese food, have become so successful here in the past five years or so that a new Chinese restaurant opens in Britain approximately every three days, Mr. Young estimated. He thought there must be about ten thousand Chinese employees in the business, all British subjects, many from Hong Kong, where Mr. Young has recruited some of his own staff. One typical week last month 370 Chinese migrants arrived in Britain and 300 of them are believed to have gone to work in restaurants.

One of the Association's fundamental purposes is to help ensure that the newcomers are properly trained and it was agreed last week that the Association should soon open a Cantonese cookery school and that Mr. Young, the author of a Cantonese cookery book, as yet unpublished, should be the school's first director. He would like to see it opened to the public. There have already been applications to enrol in it from Sino-philic gourmets in several Continental countries and Mr. Young is confident that Britain may become a centre of Cantonese study and influence second in the Western world only to San Francisco.

Statistics indicating the phenomenal recent increases of the consumption of



Chinese food in this country proved to be impossible to obtain from the Chinese diplomatic mission in London last week. A voice on a telephone uttered refusals as érosive as water torture. "The *chargé d'affaires* is unavailable," he said. "The press attaché is unavailable. The commercial attaché is unavailable. I am unavailable. I have no information for your questions." The Board of Trade was more forthcoming and it seems that we imported £725,000 worth of Chinese eggs and honey last year and £965,000 in tea. The Hong Kong Government office discovered some marvellous comparative figures: in 1959 Britain bought only £87 worth of edible birds' nests from Hong Kong; last year the value was £93; in the same years the importation of preserved ginger went up from £207,326 to £411,078; shark fins from £201 to £276,

and soy sauce from £17,820 to £23,882. I don't know how the sales graph looks in the *Samsoo* wine trade, but I can account for at least one bottle of it that'll be consumed in Shaftesbury Avenue next Moon Festival, and the toast that evening might well be the slogan printed on Mr. Young's paper fans: "Keep Cool and Be Gay."

Mr. O'Brien please copy, wherever you are.

PUNCH SPRING NUMBER

Published March 29th

This issue will be sent to all subscribers and will reach those with regular orders through the usual channels. If you have no regular order we suggest that you see your newsagent immediately, otherwise you may be disappointed.

Industrialists are spreading themselves in their "Situations Vacant" advertisements; so why should not the Arts come into line

CULTURAL APPOINTMENTS



THE NATIONAL THEATRE

requires a full-time

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER

An experienced Public Relations Officer will be required ultimately, to handle publicity and public relations for the National Theatre. Duties will include explaining in detail the disadvantages of all sites chosen for the National Theatre, the advantages of not deciding too impulsively in favour of any proposed scheme for a National Theatre, the reason why there is not a National Theatre, etc.

Applicants, who must be available to commence their duties as soon as work on the National Theatre is begun, should be between 1 and 3 years old, but should hold a University honours degree or the equivalent when taking up their employment.

Salary between £1,000 and £5,000 a year according to current value of the pound sterling.

Write in confidence to Box 693. Parents or guardians may enter children at birth.



To Officers of H.M. Services who are nearing retirement

Retired officers seeking an agreeable method of augmenting their pensions may be interested in the attractive careers offered by the Lord High Chamberlain in the Censorship.

No theatrical experience is required, but candidates will be expected to attend a short course in order to familiarize themselves with the standards of behaviour and deportment of the man in the street. Salary dependent upon qualifications, if any, but in any case complemented by generous allowances, including free seats at "Fings Ain't What They Used T' be" every three weeks.

Apply: The Lord Scarbrough, Lord High Chamberlain's Office, Censorship Dept., St. James's Palace, S.W.1

BBC

DUE to the increasing popularity of their regular Sunday morning feature, the BBC has vacancies for additional

CRITICS

OPPORTUNITIES exist in the departments dealing with

BOOKS FILMS PLAYS
RADIO ART

CANDIDATES should be between 25 and 60 and agreeably surprised whenever they enjoy anything more plebeian than Strindberg. They must be able to talk plausibly on all the subjects covered by the programme, accenting the stressed syllables of all their words to a degree normally confined only to University dons. Slight foreign accents, including Irish, will not disqualify.

PAYMENT will be by individual arrangement, with an increment when the programme is repeated on Thursdays. Successful applicants will be allowed a six-week stint as Chairman when they feel their critical faculties flagging.

Apply BBC (Critics)
Broadcasting House, W 1

REDBRICK UNIVERSITY

The Hebdomadal Council of Redbrick University is looking for a really first-class poet or literary critic for appointment as

PROFESSOR OF POETRY

The appointment is for one year only, and the duties are confined to delivering three lectures during the term of office.

Candidates will be expected to undergo a preliminary election. Unsuccessful candidates at older universities not debarred.

Write for particulars and application form to the:

Vice-Chancellor,
Redbrick University, Redbrick, Reds.

Would you like to go to the MOON?

It won't be long now before the pioneers are eagerly emerging from their rockets on the surface of our great satellite. For keen, fit young men with ambition and imagination there will be opportunities up there that are out of this world.

The British Council is seeking a corps d'élite of men like these to make sure that in these strange new surroundings the traditional values that in earlier days went to the building up of the British way of life throughout the Commonwealth are not lost. The first settlers in the Moon colonies will need the theatre, the ballet, libraries, night-schools, a thorough understanding of the British electoral system, legal system and penal system. It will need men of the highest calibre to put these things over in the cold, inhospitable conditions on the Moon.

Perhaps you could be one of them!

To the British Council. Please send me particulars of entry into the British Council Lunar Division.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Degrees or other qualifications _____



ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

MAN!—

—are you up there with it?

—do you dig that icy, spicy West Coast sound, like it started with Lester Young and built up through Brubeck and Mulligan to the real far-out music of the MJQ?

—or does it send you to hear a funky, junky tenorman tearing off the hard-bop like crazy, a mile high on tea?

—in a word, man, are you like HIP?

If this is you, Daddy-O, we can use you, you know? Bach, Beethoven, maybe they bug you, they're a drag, they're SQUARE! So we have a new course, a hipsters' course. No harmony, no counterpoint, no sight-reading. Like if you know the names of all the top players, pick them out on discs, remember what label they record for, man, this is the new music.

You can teach the kids this? Get with it, Daddy-O, we're in the book.

ARE YOU FOND OF BIRDS?

Junior executives are required by the Severn Wildfowl Trust. Duties will include taking money at gates, supervising car park, preventing rare waterfowl from becoming extinct and making sketches of lesser pinkfooted geese.

Applicants should state the number of species of ducks, geese and swans with which they are familiar.

Write Box P 69.

A leading British publisher has a vacancy for an

EXPERT WITNESS

to appear for the defence in pornography trials.

Applicants should hold, or have held, the appointment of bishop, schoolmistress, policeman (superintendent or above), Member of Parliament, editor or literary or dramatic critic.

Write Box 606

Successful applicants who desire
no publicity put "X" here.





Halcyon Is As Halcyon Does

by Claud Cockburn

*Were the "good old days" before
1914 as good as they were painted?*

2—Gossip Writers Were Just As Bad

THE belief that "it couldn't have happened to grandpapa" is one of the essential elements in "the dogma of the halcyon days." In general terms it means that you think of something scandalous, doom-laden or merely exasperating that is occurring now, and confidently assert that it is the sort of thing that only started to occur about mid-summer 1914, but has been getting worse ever since. This, though presented as ground for complaint, in fact does useful duty as a comforting thought. The unspoken claim is that we have so much more to put up with than grandpapa did that nobody can blame us if we seem to act a little cracked.

This is particularly true of Top People keeping stiff upper lips *vis-à-vis* modern conditions which include notably the awful vulgarity of everything, the unmannerly and often downright dishonest behaviour of a lot of non-Top People, and the intrusive, disrespectful attitude of the popular press. Which makes it the more startling when, taking another little tour round 1911, the heart of the halcyon country, we find ourselves goggling at a letter in *The Times* of January 21, headed "Scandalmongers" and signed "Householder":

"Sir: My butler who is leaving my service recently advertised for a situation and in reply received a letter of which I send you a copy. It is difficult to believe that anyone with the slightest pretensions of being a lady should descend to methods mean and contemptible. Such methods throw an enormous temptation in the way of servants, besides exposing them to actions for slander should they fall into the trap . . . It appears one's servants are to be bribed to repeat all the tittle tattle they hear, when no doubt it will be worked up into something 'spicy' by the spurious journalist."

The enclosed letter to the butler, which was signed

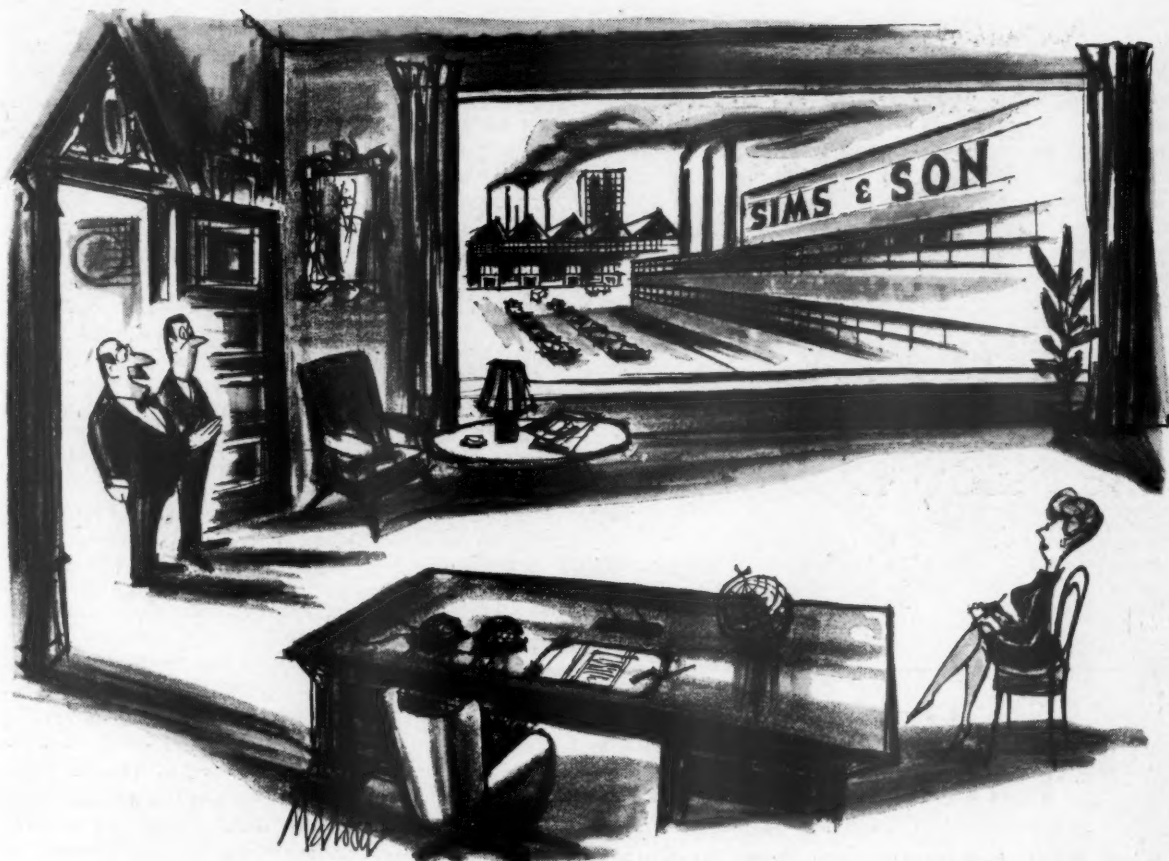
"Harriet" said that, having noted his advertisement in the *Morning Post* the writer would be "pleased to hear from you if you have half an hour to spare once or twice a week and would care to turn it into cash by writing me a long gossip letter about well-known people in English Society who stay in the houses where you are employed. I pay liberally and settle each month." The writer went on to explain that the material was for sale to American newspapers which "insist" on having information of this kind.

"To give you an idea of what I buy," she continued, "I may say that just now anything about Lady Gerard and the de Forests is good copy on account of the slander case between them now coming on. Also about the Dillon jockey on account of the Marie Lloyd divorce suit in which he is co-respondent." She further requested to be put in touch with any friends of this butler among the staff of Lord Howard de Walden, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Ernest Cassel and Mrs. George Keppel, or employees at Claridge's, the Savoy, the Gaiety restaurant and the principal Clubs.

Editorially, *The Times* gave the impression of being nearly prostrated by the loathsome duty of having to print such an "abominable letter" by so "debased" a journalist at all. It constituted, said the leader-writer, "a complete revelation of a system the existence of which has often been suspected but never so fully exposed." (Evidently some Englishmen were already nervously aware of peeping Toms peering into their castles.) Marshalling his *clichés*, the writer pronounced it "a disgusting invasion of the sanctities of private life" which threw a "lurid light upon the tastes, the ideals and the standards of life which flourish in a modern democracy and which, we regret to say, are fostered by a democratic press." As so often happens on these trips through 1911 and neighbourhood, we have an eerie sense that the writer has somehow got into the 1950s or '60s by mistake. One is momentarily astonished not to find him reaching the familiar conclusion that this "cries aloud for action by the Press Council."

Showing its own deeply decent delicacy in regard to "the sanctities of private life" *The Times* confessed that it had "hesitated" to print the names of the people listed as specially interesting to "Harriet," but had finally done so "in their own





"One day, my boy, all this will be yours. Except for Miss Owen, that is."

interests. Henceforth they will know that socially speaking there is a price upon their heads," and that their slightest indiscretion might be, so to speak, publicly Croninced.

The Times made no bones about indicating that in its opinion the whole situation was the fault of the essentially caddish Americans, whose press, *The Globe* remarked next day, was "the most degraded form of journalism." (There is a part of the halcyon days dogma which asserts that among the things which have sharply deteriorated are "international good manners." Yet there probably would be diplomatic apoplexy in Grosvenor Square to-day if the British press were as snootily rude to Americans as it habitually was around 1911.) *The New York Times* reacted with a brisk volley of abuse and remarked that "kitchen journalism has flourished so long in England that the surprise expressed by *The Times* seems a trifle forced . . . The obnoxious society journalist is much better known in London than in New York." Mr. Curtis Brown, as representative of many American papers, wrote to deny that what *The Times* had dubbed "a new pest of Society" originated in the United States. He too, he disclosed, had received a letter similar to that sent to the butler "except that the precious news offered to me was to be gathered by 'quite an army of girl friends in the best of the English County Sets.'"

Whatever shrieks of maidenly dismay *The Times* might emit, the scene of social espionage, slander, and bribery revealed in connection with the "Affair of Householder's Butler" was perfectly familiar to the real denizens of the Golden Age. Nobody seemed much surprised when Mrs. Havelock Ellis and others proposed that the whole domestic servant supply of the country should be taken over by the State—all servants to be registered with and directed by a Central Domestic Service Bureau. Grounds for the proposal were that the vicious tensions on the domestic service front had reached a point where employers and employees alike were being swiftly reduced to a condition of venomous and corrupting inefficiency. Prominent advertisements by William Pierrepont, "Enquiry Agent to the Nobility and Gentry, entrusted with confidential enquiries and delicate negotiations all over the world," have a flavour which to-day is associated with Hollywood but was in fact a commonplace in 1911. The picture is a good deal short of serene. Probably the only thing that actually would have been capable of startling the people of the period is the fact that later generations should have thought of them as enjoying any serenity at all.

Next week:
Anarchism Round the Corner



Forest Lawn and Back

When BOAC inaugurated their direct service to Los Angeles in a Boeing 707 with Rolls-Royce engines PETER DICKINSON was aboard

LONDONERS will be cheered to know that they can now spend a long week-end, Thursday to Sunday, on a visit to Los Angeles and be back, sagging in their harness, behind their desks on Monday. BOAC will waft them there in thirteen hours, with a stop at Montreal, and back in eleven without stopping at all. Thirteen hours makes a long waft, but there are cocktails and a slow and splendid luncheon on the first leg, then more cocktails and a slow and splendid dinner on the second. One can then look forward to landing, when by local time one is due for more cocktails and another dinner. Unreality has set in.

This is fine by me; forty-eight hours is too short a time to form any opinions, to frame a sententious apophthegm, or even to reach a piercing *aperçu* about America; the time-daze made it impossible. PAT AND DICK HOUSE HUNTING: SECOND DAY was all that I learnt of the fate of the Nixons and the future of the

Republican Party, and I have less to offer on the Democrats. True, I discussed with a coach-driver the lettuce strike which is now embittering Mexican-American relations, but the only question was whether the "struck operators" mentioned in the story were on strike or being struck against, and in either case could the other party properly be described as stricken?

Before the daze had really engulfed me I had thought of Los Angeles as spreading across its airless plain like a skin disease, and felt that given the right conditions it could infect the world. Only by accident (when the aeroplane banks over it at night and it displays its enormous grid of boulevards fiery with neon) was it beautiful. But later, trudging up Inspiration Slope in Forest Lawn cemetery, I passed a copy of Stoke Poges Church labelled "Wee Kirk o' the Heather" and remembered that the guide-book in my bedroom had called it, in its list of religious buildings,

"Wee Kirk of the Heather," as if unable to go the whole way with feyness. So the forces of taste are at work, if underground, in Los Angeles and generalizations, however little-embracing, are pointless.

I went to Forest Lawn for the air, which I remembered Evelyn Waugh had praised in an otherwise disapproving book. (The more aeronautical journalists were taken off to the Douglas factory to see how Skybolt was coming along.) The cabman who drove me out belonged, he claimed, to the Church of Divine Science and Psychology, whose Minister is an English chemist. Inside the gate of Forest Lawn a sign in the road says:

SLOW
SACRED GROUND
20 MILES

It is repeated frequently round the grounds. I suppose some drivers forget. I did not visit the stained glass recreation of da Vinci's *Last Supper*, nor the 9,275 square feet of Styka's painting of *The Crucifixion*, because I had come to enjoy "God's Outdoors," to quote from one of the many stone books that are stationed about Forest Lawn to explain or exhort, each with the edges of the stone pages gilt and the bright blue

tag of a bookmark projecting from another part of the volume. But I stepped quietly into a copy of the Saxon Church at Rottingdean, outside which Kipling's *Recessional* is carved in letters three inches high. The Church does not claim to be an exact copy; the north aisle has been replaced by a conservatory for potted plants and the hagiography of the stained glass windows has been adjusted to the needs of the New World, so that Abraham Lincoln (stained glass suits him) shares a window with St. Eunice and William Penn with St. Paul. There is a marriage register in the Church, and a small Kipling museum.

I left late, and had to hug the verge to avoid the homing mechanical grave-diggers, each keeping carefully below 20 m.p.h. I learnt nothing of the cabman who took me back to the hotel (except that he was taking a course in transportation at the university) because he spent the time arguing that the Queen Mother should be allowed to play billiards in public if she wants to. I found the aeronautical correspondents muttering. There had been as many Union Jacks as Stars and Stripes at the Douglas factory and they had been addressed in warm and ringing tones, but had learnt nothing because the answer to every question they had asked happened to be classified information. But the word went round that we were due to dine in the same party as Jayne Mansfield, and the note of the muttering changed. In the flesh Miss Mansfield looks pleasant, if odd, and much less like the early prototype model of Woman that she sometimes seems in her pictures. Until she left, conversation was bitty and irresolute, except for an air-hostess egging on the co-pilot to announce, on our way back, that the plane was now over the North Pole.

Nothing came of it, alas. Perhaps the plan got forgotten at "The Roaring Twenties," a night-club to remember. There is a girl on a red velvet swing, swinging away, out of reach between the chandeliers. The swing is given a refill every hour. Girls are supposed to come swirling down a fireman's pole hourly, but the custom seems to be dying out, and now they only do it at the customer's request reinforced by that of the manager, a brown, square, amiable man from Frome, Mr. Peter Gill. Whisky

seems to cost about seven bob a glass. I remember nothing else that evening.

In Friday's sunshine we'd been told how lucky we were—it ought to have been raining at that time of year. In Saturday's drizzle we were told that this was most unusual and set out for Disneyland, which contains a steel and concrete replica of the Matterhorn. Smiling without effort, our Disneyland hostess said "They built it while Mr. Disney was actually in Europe, and when he came back he said 'I'm awfully sorry, boys, but it doesn't look like the Matterhorn.' So they had to start at the top and paint the snow all over again." There was a card in our party, a vast, blue-eyed ginger-whiskered roarer who could embarrass the sensitive through six inches of lead shielding, Mr. Bill Brenard. Somebody bought him a green bowler and they suited each other perfectly. The same is true of Disneyland and its Matterhorn, and

it is impossible not to enjoy all four of them.

The daze was beginning to lift at the edges by ten o'clock on Saturday night, when our plane heeled over that monstrous waffle of lights and turned home. Five hours later it was dawn over Labrador, and in another five tea-time in London. They gave us brunch on the plane, which made it possible to hoodwink one's digestion by starting with scrambled eggs and white coffee and finishing with gorgonzola and black coffee. It works moderately well, and I think may have hastened my recovery by a day or so. I will know when I have recovered.



"First glimpses of the personal tastes of a new queen, Dona Fabiola, the Spanish bride of the King of the Belgians, reveal soured fashion sense, writes a London correspondent."—*The Pretoria News*

Miaow!

THEN AS NOW

This was not just a case of cheaper passports, as now. For some time the English had been outraged at having to have the things at all. They did not become universal until after 1918.



A SENSIBLE MOVE

EMP. "THERE, M'SIEUR BOOL! NO MORE NONSENSE ABOUT PASSPORTS. HERE'S A LATCH-KEY, AND COME AND GO WHEN YOU LIKE!"

December 29, 1860

A Few Cutting Remarks

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

IF I don't get "years of carefree mowing," as the manufacturers of my new motor mower put it in an intimate little foreword to the instruction book, it won't be their fault. The instruction book will see to that. I'm quite looking forward to the first cut of spring. After a lifetime's shoving and wrenching with the old man-propelled job it will be delightful to be drawn gently up and down the steep lawn in pleasing geometrical evolutions.

The man who brought the machine pulled a handle and it roared into life, obscuring him to the waist in pale-blue smoke. He showed me the clutch and prepared to leave. "Is that all?" I said. "That's all," he said. Then, feeling

perhaps that he had been a little blunt, he mowed himself to the gap in the beech hedge and left. There was obviously nothing to it.

All the same, the instruction book is worrying me. Unnecessarily, perhaps, in places. Such passages as "Register the drill holes and secure by the two self-tapping screws supplied" and "Remove the wooden plug from the spark-plug hole" seem to be addressed to the shop where it came from. So, I hope, is the instruction: "Lightly smear the threads with graphite grease and screw home," because I shouldn't know graphite grease if I saw it. On the other hand, I shouldn't know summer-grade motor transmission grease, either,

though this is referred to glibly in a part of the book clearly intended for me: from time to time I have to "squeeze and work it into the cam grease pad." I don't know where this is. There is a very full picture page illustrating more parts than I should have thought it possible to get into a thing not much bigger than a decent-sized coffee percolator, but as they are labelled in code, with a key elsewhere, it takes time to see what's what. I've found the Land Roll Spindle Lock-washer (GSF2164J), the belt-guard screw-nut (SNUO537/17/0), and the grass-box, which was easy (MBA1282), and that will have to do for the present. When I run into trouble, such as, and I quote, "Grass is cut unevenly in step fashion," "Grass is cut unevenly in wavy or hummock fashion," "Grass is torn from roots" or, "Mower moves sluggishly with engine racing," it will be time enough to start locating and recognizing any parts vital in checking for belt slip, realigning cutting cylinder, screwing up the throttle cable adjuster, dismantling the air cleaner assembly, and so on.

The thing to watch with the air cleaner assembly, apparently, is "not to lose the double-coil locking-washer behind the choke flap." Well, the man who wrote this knew *me*, all right: I can just see the brief, metallic glint from behind the choke flap as the thing disappears for ever into the secondhand croquet-set winning-post hole. Provided you don't lose the locking-washer, you can reassemble the air cleaner assembly (after rinsing the three wire screens thoroughly in petrol, dipping in clean engine oil and allowing to drain), but you have to make sure that "the cover notch engages with the lug on the bottom of the carburettor flange."

The carburettor, though small, and not unlike the salt-cellar from a fairy cruet, seems to be a key part, judging by this book. A lot of your trouble can start there, it seems to me. Its float can get punctured, its needle seating warped, its jet blocked, its chamber bunged up with dust, fluff or grass cuttings. If you get this sort of problem you have



"There's a Mr. Cecil King and a Mr. Hugh Cudlipp to see you, sir."

to unscrew the knurled mixing chamber top and remove the banjo bolt so that you can push the needle down through the seating and draw it through the base of the float chamber. This is as far as you're likely to get before someone shouts out of the dining-room window to say the lunch is getting cold. Put all the parts in your pocket, and try to remember that when you get back to the machine, probably in a fine drizzle, you'll never get the throttle valve assembly back into the carburettor body unless (a) the spring bow on the float engages with the needle groove and (b) you engage the carburettor key in the key-way opposite the cable slot in the throttle valve. Or so I gather from page seven.

What, meanwhile, of the flywheel? I have no complaints, because I see that this is "robustly constructed, with the cam integral with the flywheel boss." That would be enough for many manufacturers: this firm presents a bonus, in block capitals which give the impression of yet another warning when glimpsed nervously through half-closed eyes. But it isn't a warning at all. It's good news. "A KEEPER RING IS NOT NECESSARY WHEN WITHDRAWING THE FLYWHEEL FROM THE STATOR PLATE."

This is excellent, of course, and takes most of the sting out of the two facing paragraphs headed respectively, and with a nice distinction, "Failure to Start," and "Starter Failure."

These two eventualities continue to buzz about in my head in a teasing manner all the same. There is a comprehensive list of excuses for the engine's not starting. There are forty-nine. Not including starter failure. You can have your spark too weak, your plug-terminal shorting, your crankcase seals leaking, your air cleaner choked or your timing too advanced; the controls can stick, the hole in the filler cap can get blocked, the plug electrode bridged with foreign matter, the exhaust choked, the petrol-pipe air-locked; perhaps it's your breaker arm sticking, your magneto insulation gone, your mixture too rich, your points too close . . . your patience exhausted . . .

I think what I like best about the instruction book for my new motor mower, apart from the bit about years of carefree mowing, is the completely altruistic section without a mention of Crankcase Flange Stud Nuts or Starter



"... then, on the other hand, Sandbay's got the kindest face."

Pulley Bush Screw Washers from beginning to end. "Hints on Lawn Care," it's called. It says that a lawn looks neater mown in parallel strips, warns against letting the grass grow stalky, talks to me like a Dutch uncle about moss invasion, permits itself a tiny rapture about the spring.

It really inspires me to get mowing, this bit. But with my old, man-propelled job, just for to-day. It's not that I don't intend to use the other one eventually. Perhaps. I expect. But just at the moment, after reading the instructions, I feel I need relaxing.

☆

"Wanted, a plumber to put in cold water tank."

South Wales Argus

Testing, testing.

BUDGET MEMOS No. 7

Attention Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Hope you realize War Office spoiling ship for ha'porth of rebate in latest recruiting campaign inducements. All very well housing, feeding, lump-summing and pensioning soldiers. Why not make Service life tax-free and get us all to join? Applies particularly to fighting men in upper income brackets, now deterred from accepting promotion.

Hon. Secretary,

United Field-Marshal's Benevolent and Friendly Society.

Food for Fears

By R. G. G. PRICE

I AM a hypochondriac: I imagine I have all sorts of diseases although I don't do much about preventing them. Not for me the wool next the skin, the protein-free diet, the press-ups. I have a vivid imagination and a magpie memory for overheard fragments of medical conversation; but I find it difficult to get a good supply of the raw material on which we night-tremblers feed. Medical textbooks are expensive if new and too soothing secondhand, when many of the ailments they describe may have been stamped out. I feel embarrassed disease-hunting in Public Libraries and unfortunately the medical literature on my own shelves provides pretty patchy coverage.

First Aid manuals seem somehow nearer to surgery than to medicine. I doubt whether any hypochondriac gets

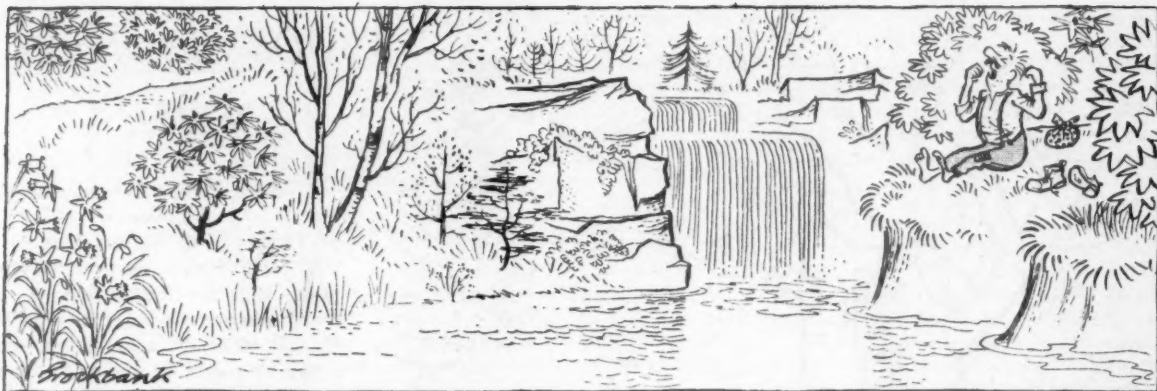
himself into a state by imagining he has a fractured clavicle or is suffering from varicose veins or poisoning by corrosives. My wife inherited a *Woman's Home Doctor* and this has provided me with a certain amount of raw material for my fears. The trouble is that it is slanted. It is full of warnings that in this or that condition it is essential that the husband should be forbearing with his wife. There is nothing about a woman's duties towards a man who is seized with violent pains that, according to the labels on the shingled nude in the frontispiece, should mean trouble in the womb.

Mere rules of health are no use to the man who is getting a bit bored with imagining that flu is coming on, so Dr. Parkes's little book on *Personal Care of Health*, which had reached 38,000 by

1887, is not much help. It says things like that the hair should be kept clean or else "it forms a harbour for plants" but this does not provide me with any new disease I find it possible to visualize and fear. Similarly a lurid-looking book on *Intoxicating Drinks—Their History and Mystery* (by the author of *Buy Your Own Cherries*) tells me that a doctor in Brussels proved that absinthe works faster than prussic acid but does not supply me with symptoms. The *Ladies' New Dispensatory* of 1769 is slightly better. Relaxation of the Uvula, for example, is a fresh idea to me. (The cure is either a gargle that includes pomegranate peel and balaustines or stroking up the hair of the head for some time with a little brandy and ointment of marshmallows. Well, that is what it says. After all, the recipe



"So you're determined to let your heart rule your head."



for heartburn does include an ounce of powdered crab's eyes.) On nervous disorders the writer says they can be moderated by serenity of mind. This is about as helpful as *Beauty Through Hygiene*, which says bleakly that girls who are devoted to society are almost invariably poor breathers. So much for the random bookshelf.

Old hypochondriacs used to get inspiration from the medical bulletins on the eminent. Some duke would be reported as sinking and they would feel they were sinking too. To-day bulletins are usually rather vague. "Has entered hospital for a minor operation" is a stock phrase. The best I have done on this foundation is a scare in which I imagined going in for a minor operation, which I visualized as an ingrowing toenail, and the surgeon going mad and not stopping. Another obvious source of material is one's friends; but owing to some deficiency of perception I never seem to realize that people have been ill until I meet them well again and no hypochondriac can get much benefit from conversation with a man who says "My doctor got me on my feet again in no time."

It is this inefficiency of technical intake that is responsible, I think, for making so many of my night fears peculiar to myself. My diseases are not shared; they are evolved from my inner consciousness. There is a shooting pain from my left heel to my abdomen, for example. This, I decide, is due to deficiency in my diet. Unfortunately my chemistry at school hardly got beyond the chemistry-box stage and therefore

the kind of things my diet tends to lack are copper sulphate, zinc and potassium chlorate. The spasmodic contraction of my diaphragm is due to caries of the spleen: it needs fillings. The curious sensation as though some large, cold, wet sea-creature were nuzzling my spine is Imperfect Adjustment to Temperature Changes leading to reversed sweating and, eventually, to neural erosion. The feeling that my heart is slowly swinging round at its moorings is the inevitable concomitant of cardiac palsy.

I have often thought of becoming a medical student, not for all the breezy nurse-slapping and beer-drinking and certainly not with any intention of passing exams—I am much too interested in my own ills to wish to treat other people's—but simply to restock my limited repertoire of alarms. On the whole, however, I think my best source of gruesome suggestions, of fine wrought fears, of ingenious tremors, is simply to lie and imagine I am a patient of the hospital Dr. Richard Gordon writes about.



"S.A. AMONG THE FISH

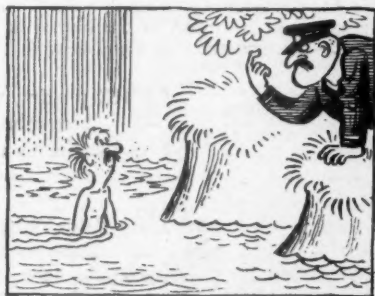
Cape Town. At the end of the first day of an international big fishing contest being held at Malindi, Kenya, South Africa, with 306 points, was well in the lead.

The Federation was second with 90 points and other teams were trailing well behind.

Police do not suspect foul play."

Rand Daily Mail

Some of the other teams might.





"There they go—the do-it-yourself mob!"

The Conquest by Granada

Their home was the grim moorland rectory at Haworth. Ill-health shortened their lives; they worried about their father (going blind) and their brother Branwell (drunk). How, asked neighbours and biographers, *how* can those Brontë girls write so knowledgeably and uninhibitedly about human passion? In all that can inspire creative art, so much of the best is in the North—and from the North—GRANADA TV.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

THE pilgrim, worshipping to-day
Three mortal sisters, each a goddess,
Sees Charlotte's stockings on display
And Emily's stout underbodice.

Loud Patrick's eyes, long sealed in dust,
Can blaze no more at drunken Branwell
As tender Anne, for write she must,
Struggles to make her verses scan well.

But Haworth isn't lonely now:
The chimney pots are far too many;
The dingy town's smoke-blackened brow
Is newly crowned with bright antennæ.

Victorian passion's anguished cries,
Which warm the literary annals,
Are cooled and cut to proper size
To fit the new commercial channels.

Heathcliff still roams the shrouded moors,
Too proud to face the world's derision,
But, resting up between the tours,
Tame Cathy stares at television.

— W. W. WATT

On the Notice Board . . .

. . . of the Recruit Company, the 2nd
Musketeers

BOOTS, AMMUNITION, SIZE 9

AT the recent court-martial of ex-RQMS Greyknuckle, it was discovered that the supply of 37 pairs of Boots, ammunition, size 9 to this Company six weeks ago was not made in accordance with Army Stores Instruction DOS/1916/24. This regulation indicates that our requisition should have been met by the issue of 37 Boots, ammunition, left and 37 Boots, ammunition, right.

We received, in fact, 74 Boots, ammunition, left and these have been issued in pairs to 37 Size 9 Recruits.

All Recruits who have drawn Boots, ammunition, size 9 in the past six weeks should report to the Company Stores at 0730 hrs. to-morrow.

All Size 9 Recruits who have been before the Company Commander on any of the following charges will parade for Company Orders at 0845 hrs.

1. Impudence to the Quartermaster-Sergeant and the use of abusive language to the Company Storeman.
2. Idleness on Drill Parade in that he insubordinately marched pigeon-toed and in continuous right-handed circles.
3. Dumb Insolence in that he refused to place his feet at an angle of forty-five degrees and stand properly to attention when speaking to a superior officer.

All punishments inflicted will stand but the charges will be altered to "Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in that he failed to properly draw the attention of his Quartermaster-Sergeant to known deficiencies in his kit, viz. one Boot, ammunition, size 9, right."

Any Recruit who was issued with Boots, ammunition, size 9 during the past six weeks and who has neither been on a charge nor experienced discomfort must report to the Medical Officer immediately.

S. CRANKOVER
Company Quartermaster-Sergeant

Essence of Parliament



MR. GAITSKELL thinks that the prestige of Parliament is increased by all-night sittings. The public gets the impression, he says, that Members are doing their assiduous duty. It is a curious view. Anyone who could believe that all-night sitting was a serious method of legislating could believe anything. Obstruction—it is surely an elementary psychological point—is tolerable as a means but not as an end. If there is a Government that has lost public confidence and is attempting to put through an intensely unpopular measure, and if there is an Opposition which believes in itself and is ready to take over power, then harrying to death may be tolerated. But an Opposition that substitutes obstruction for policy, that unites in obstruction because it cannot unite in anything else, that obstructs measures that have aroused little public interest merely makes itself ridiculous. Sir Harry Legge-Bourke was quite right so far. It was perhaps unfortunate that someone who once threw down a penny on the floor of the House and was ordered by the Speaker from the Chamber and who has since survived to be Deputy Chairman of Committee should thus lecture the House and give his opponents an opportunity to remind him of Prince Hal's gay youth. But what of it? Were we not all—even those of us who are Members of Parliament—young once? The obvious gambit in this, the most absurd of all debates, was to produce examples where the other side did things of which it is now complaining. On this test, prizes went to Mr. Butler and Dr. Horace King. Mr. Butler adopted as his own the words in which Lord Morrison had recommended the House which he led immediately after the war, and Dr. King told how Tory papers who denounced Socialist hooliganism at Westminster praised the patriotism of Conservatives who kept the London County Council up all night. If by any chance the guillotine had not been passed and the Socialists had found themselves condemned to stay there all night, there would indeed have been a how-d'ye-do. A distinguished Socialist MP was heard defending his party's tactics. "Did you stay there yourself?" he was asked. "I? I?" replied the outraged statesman. "Good Lord, no."

Last Night on the Back Bench

Tuesday was Rumpus Day. In the Commons there was first a mild Rumpus by Mr. Fell and Mr. Biggs-Davison about America, and then another mild Rumpus about—need one say it?—Mr. Nabarro, whom the Socialists accused of being "a paid propagandist for the Aims of Industry." Then there was a mild Rumpus about the Army, when Mr. Mayhew and Sir Fitzroy Maclean joined to wonder if there was so much point in putting a permanent crease into the soldier's trousers if there was not going to be a soldier to put inside it. As for how the Government is going to get its recruits, "We shall want," thinks Mr. Watkinson, "if we are to have it at all, some very special kind of scheme to get the men we need."

"There are lots of ways of alleviating shortages of the order of those with which we might be faced," thinks Mr. Profumo, "adjustments in medical and educational standards, recruitment in overseas territories, further civilization, particularly for technical jobs." In other words, if we had any ham we could have ham-and-eggs if we had any eggs, and we can make up the numbers by crippled civilian Gurkhas who can't read.

But the real Rumpus of the day was in the Lords, where Lord Salisbury took the opportunity to deliver a full-blooded attack on Mr. Macleod. It was, thought the Lord Chancellor, the strongest attack on a Minister that he had listened to in his twenty-six years of Parliamentary experience—a little bit of an exaggeration, I should have thought, considering the things that people do say. Still it was pretty tough for an attack on an ex-colleague. The Lord Chancellor said that there was "no evidence" for Lord Salisbury's charge that Mr. Macleod had

Rumpus in the Lords

tricked the whites in Kenya and Rhodesia. I should have thought, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, that there was no doubt that he had forced them to accept more than they wished to accept. The questions were whether it was the lesser evil to do so and whether Lord Salisbury's remedy of "back to 1958" would be a remedy. Opinions on such matters are not for this column, but what was amusing was not that Lord Salisbury got a good deal of support from the Conservative benches—as indeed was to be expected—but that it was the Socialists, Lord Alexander of Hillsborough and Lady Summerskill—or Mrs. Samuels or whatever her current name is—who were shocked by the attack on the Colonial Secretary and called on Lord Salisbury to withdraw it. How different from the Commons! *Autres maisons, autres mœurs.* Lady Summerskill by the way—this column has made the complaint before—thought that King Canute imagined that he could stop the tide. Why must politicians who only know one fact of history get that fact wrong?



LORD SALISBURY

The same story on Wednesday. It was Air Estimates this time in the Commons, and Mr. Amery was in much less belligerent form than the week before in the Defence debate. Mr. Michael Foot had his crack at him and a rebellious Mr. Emrys Hughes divided an attenuated House, but the heart was not in these mild exchanges. Once again all steps were bent towards the Lords, and floor and galleries were crowded to see the ermine fly.

Had the Lord Chancellor taken the wind out of Lord Hailsham's sails by replying—out of turn—to Lord Salisbury? It proved not. Lord Silkin cracked that Lord Salisbury had proved so sitting a target to the Lord Chancellor that even Lord Home could not have missed him. The Arch was arch. Lord Colyton thought it all a great pity. Lord Hemingford thought it a very good thing. The Duke of Montrose was a Salisburyite from Rhodesia. Socialists rallied to Mr. Macleod's defence. Lord Alexander of Hillsborough chided Lord Salisbury for not having declared his financial interest in Rhodesia—a suggestion which Lord Salisbury found "abominable." Then came Lord Hailsham. He started quietly with some jokes about how the Duke of Montrose had once bitten him. Then the bitten became the biter. He hit and hit and hit again. Lord Arran and Lord Lloyd were disgusted and Lord Arran stalked out of the Chamber.

After Wednesday Thursday, with a guillotined Commons and a Lords deciding that it ought not to go to prison if it committed suicide, was a quiet affair. — PERCY SOMERSET



In the City

Best of all Worlds

LET us begin with three propositions. First: high rates of direct taxation are the most powerful incentive to the discovery of legal ways of avoiding, or at least, lightening the load.

Second: the era of managed currencies and full employment has given ordinary shares a high and even dominant position in all investment plans. The cult of the equity is, and will remain with us.

Third: whatever changes there may be in investment fashions, there is one unalterable foundation garment. It is life assurance which should be the first investment in point of time and size of anyone entering on the responsibilities of self-respecting adult life.

Mix up these three ingredients, and what do we get? One answer is a novel investment-cum-insurance scheme which has just been launched by the M & G group, the pioneers of unit trusts in this country. If the best of these three worlds is to be secured the concoction is bound to be somewhat complicated; but here, reduced to its barest simplicity, is how the project works.

The M & G group operate unit trusts—good ones. Their units have for long been the means by which investors, large and small, have put money into a wide array of ordinary shares. Here is the cult of the equity at its safest.

The M & G have now formed an insurance company through which they propose to offer their clients the other two ingredients—life assurance and the tax advantages that normally go with it.

An investor who wants to secure these three-fold benefits takes out an M & G Trust policy. These run for periods of from ten to thirty-five years, provided that the age of the assured will not be over seventy at the date of maturity.

The premiums paid are invested in units of the M & G General Trust Fund. So is the net income arising from the units already purchased.


The M & G then enter into a re-assurance contract with the London

Life Association which covers the life of the holder for an amount equal to the annual premium multiplied by the number of unexpired years of the policy.

When the policy matures the holder is entitled to the units bought with the premium and the net income. If, alas, he dies earlier, his estate receives the fund of units that has been built up (less a small charge). It also receives whatever cash may be due under the life policy.

In addition to these attractions, the insured investor is entitled to the normal tax reliefs on the annual premiums. The scheme is certainly ingenious and it is worthy of very serious consideration by those to whom these three-fold advantages make a special appeal—that is to everyone except those who happen to pay little or no income tax.

As for the cult of the equity, some of



In the Country

Fruits of the Storm

ONE curious effect of flooding is the appearance of other people's coke in the drive of our home in the country. The water itself drains away fairly fast but before it goes it shifts light articles about mid-Sussex like a poltergeist bringing unrequested apports.

As far as I can judge it is quite high-quality coke. The pieces are large and well formed and free from moss; they would be a credit to any boiler. But what ought the conscientious householder to do with them? Legally I imagine their arrival is an Act of God, a rather unusually benevolent one. Can it possibly be a duty to track down the owner and make restitution? Am I guilty of stealing by finding? Is the coke flotsam or jetsam? Do I hold foreshore rights in my front garden?

Luckily the quantity so far has never been more than half a sack or so, but if the floods get even worse I may be faced with amounts that raise points of

the recent behaviour of markets running in direct contradiction to the facts of the economic situation has caused some sad shaking of heads among the wisecracks of the City. But markets are there to discount the future, not to reflect the past as revealed in the current batch of company reports.

The future still beckons cheerfully. President Kennedy is flexing his pump-priming muscles. The German and Dutch up-valuation will pull a few chestnuts out of Britain's export fire. Beyond this there is ample evidence of enterprise and imagination in the best of our industrial companies. Take ICI, for example, and its decision to launch into the Common Market to the tune of a £100 million investment. A company capable of such courage and decision deserves the support of any investor prepared to take the long view.

— LOMBARD LANE

conscience in a more acute form. Next time it might be high-grade coal. This would be less useful for patching the drive where the floods have gouged holes in it, which is how we have used the current bounty of Allah. It may be difficult to see where dribbles of coke fit into one's fuel policy; but anyone can see the need for first aid with potholes. Coke crushed by the passage of cars is unlikely to be identified by lurking spies. It merely looks like a terribly temporary filling for holes that obviously call for large-scale work.

The arrival of these unexpected by-products of storm damage makes me wonder what I may have lost in my turn. I do not think a gale could unlock the bunkers and scatter a largesse of anthracite among local non-anthracite users; but I suppose there must be many oddments about the place that one would not miss till summer came again. Occasionally a passing tempest has taken a tile, but generally only from the roof to the ground.

I am really much more interested in what will arrive next. Frankly I should prefer a different choice of gifts, not, perhaps, garden-sculpture or croquet-hoops or aviaries, but perhaps a bottle or two washed gently out of a good cellar or a strongbox full of silver.

However, rather than get nothing when the elements shift property around, I promise to accept and make use of coke, if coke it has to be. Indeed, I am running a bit short of it. The last downpour shifted a good deal out of my drive and I suspect some unscrupulous householder is harbouring it.

— CALCRAFT PIPER

ST. PATRICK'S DAY



"Watch it, Mister! You were leaning on my shamrock."



"What an unfortunate lot you Murphys are—a decrease in the family before every St. Patrick's day."



"Gladstone said that about Parnell!"



"At last! St. Patrick himself."

"Mr. O'Hagan, Mr. Mooney, Mr. Casey, Mr. Costello, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. Collins, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Rafferty, Mr. O'Callahan, Mr. Riley and Mr. McKinty are out. Would Mr. Smith do?"





AT THE PLAY

The Miracle Worker (ROYALTY)

HAD I been told I should be completely gripped by a play which consists largely of a governess trying to extract a glimmer of communication from a small deaf-mute girl, I don't think I should have believed it. In *The Miracle Worker*, however, this is no ordinary struggle, for the little girl was Helen Keller; and she and the astonishing young woman Annie Sullivan, to whom she owed her awakening, are given no ordinary performances.

The Miracle Worker, which has had a long run in New York, is very short, running only an hour and thirty-five minutes, not counting intervals. William Gibson, its author, who might have set out on an episodic tour of Helen Keller's triumph, has had the sense to confine his action, apart from brief introductory

scenes, to the few weeks of Annie Sullivan's apparently hopeless struggles, culminating in the dramatic moment when Helen, remembering her infant demands for water, finds the first link between an actual substance and the finger-language Annie is laboriously teaching her. This was the opening of the mental gate, after which Annie knew she was home.

When Annie arrives, a raw Irish orphan on her first job out of college, in the Keller household Helen is an undisciplined little animal, dirty and destructive and given up as irredeemable by everyone except her mother. Nerves are terribly on edge; her parents' marriage is obviously near the rocks. The more she storms, the more she is petted and the wilder she becomes. Annie, with a confidence amazing in an inexperienced girl, changes all that. She has to break Helen before she can get through to her. It is

REP SELECTION

Old Vic, Bristol, *The Rehearsal*, until April 1.

Library, Manchester, *Roots*, until April 8.

Northampton Rep, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, until March 25.

Citizens', York, *Free As Air*, until March 18.

a catch-as-catch-can process of exhausting physical combat all over Sean Kenny's multiple sets, often ending on the floor, with the room a wreck. Only a blazing faith could have brought Annie through. She takes Helen to live with her in the garden hut, and in a fortnight does the impossible by taming her and teaching her eighteen nouns in finger-language.

But that is only the half of it. She has to break in the parents as well. Helen's mother cannot understand that for the moment endearments are out, her father is a pompous soldier who expects women to quail before him. The size of Annie's achievement is that she brought him to heel and made a new man of him while she was tackling the superhuman task of cracking the seals of Helen's understanding.

It is a very simple play, full of simple human excitement. I could have done without the ghostly appearances of Annie's old teacher, who pops up like Hamlet's father to nerve her to further efforts, and of her dead brother. These seem sentimental and unnecessary. And I thought the producer, Peter Coe, who has otherwise done a fine job, was at fault in making Helen's father such an unreasonable ass that one felt as irritated by him as by the father in *Billy Liar*, whose only adjective was "bloody." These are minor faults, and later in the evening that good actor, John Robinson, is seen to much better advantage.

Dilys Hamlett plays Mrs. Keller, kind and not a little bewildered, beautifully. But the evening is a triumph for the two actresses engaged in this now classic struggle. In her meteoric career Anna Massey has done nothing half so good as



Ronald Searle

(*The Miracle Worker*)

Annie Sullivan—ANNA MASSEY

Helen Keller—JANINA FAYE

Annie. A Victorian scarecrow, gangling and awkward, firing all the guns in her broadside of Irish wit, she is more than a match for the Keller family. It is an extraordinary exposition of sheer character. Annie is often nearly at the end of her tether; only her supreme faith carries her through. Miss Massey conveys this marvellously. And when you remember that Janina Faye has to rely on mime the whole evening, you will get an idea of her variety when I say that she comes out as an equal partner to Miss Massey.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A Man for All Seasons (Globe—13/7/60), fine play about Sir Thomas More. *The Changeling* (Royal Court—1/3/61), a Jacobean gem skilfully restored. *The Devils* (Aldwych, in repertory—1/3/61), John Whiting from Aldous Huxley.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Rebel
Pepe

IN things of the mind no less than otherwise, films seek popularity by supplying dreams of wish-fulfilment. This may seem a fearsomely pompous opening for a review of such a piece of simple British nonsense as *The Rebel* (Director: Robert Day), which is essentially a slapdash comedy in the direct line of descent from Gracie Fields by way of Norman Wisdom. Nevertheless it's true that a great deal of the audience's laughter at this has a strong foundation of self-approval, or pleasure at being flattered. Their dreams are realized, their secret wishes are fulfilled: they think all this modern art is a ridiculous fraud, and here is a film that soothes them with the assurance that they're quite right because everybody else does too, notably all those who pretend to understand it.

The film tries to be a satire, in fact, without any of the necessary equipment except one very good comedian as central figure; and even Tony Hancock can't do it by himself. The moments of laughter I got from this came from what are really isolated cracks, turns or sketches by him: funny-man's remarks or actions with the unmistakable quality and flavour of something consciously meant to amuse. Most of the rest of the time I was thinking with resentment of how he was being wasted, of what he might do given a real film comedy and not a blown-up TV half-hour.

We see him as a bowler-hatted, striped-trousered office worker—as if that weren't unusual enough, these days—with a secret yearning to be an artist, who fills his ledgers with crude caricatures and at his lodgings chips away at a block of concrete in apparently earnest imitation of the 1925 Epstein manner. (The fact that these two styles are



[*The Rebel*

Anthony Hancock—TONY HANCOCK

incompatible in a dedicated amateur is not supposed to worry us; it's a comedy, isn't it? What's the matter, no sense of humour?) He gives up his job and goes to Paris, shares a studio, paints with infantile incompetence, and is accepted as wonderful because the art world is so easily and profitably gulled.

That's the basis of the story, though it is extended with various plot devices and finds room for such too-familiar situations as ordinary-bloke-in-posh-restaurant. Mr. Hancock, as I say, is able to brighten corners of it by being himself, by more or less stepping out of the story or not bothering to step into it. But what is irritating is the broad, obvious lowbrowism of the treatment of a theme that demands—if anyone other than the lowbrow is to be amused—a more subtle approach, more knowledgeable writing. The attempt to burlesque pretentious discussion about art, for instance, is annoyingly clumsy, amusing only to people who never hear such words used; it could have been made not only funny even to highbrows, but convincing.

Pepe (Director: George Sidney) is an enormous—three hours, counting the Intermission—Technicolor meringue, or pudding, nominally about a wistful amusing little Mexican ranch foreman, but in fact dedicated to the proposition that Hollywood is a wonderful place where you can see all sorts of famous stars behaving like quite ordinary people, and even being graciously pleased to speak to some of them. This is how they have chosen to embalm Cantinflas, the Passepartout of *Around the World in Eighty Days*: here he is, occasionally visible

between the cracks of this great heap of miscellaneous well-tested box-office devices, and provided with two jokes. One is that he calls a favourite horse his son, and the other is that he takes literally any metaphor or idiom in the talk of other people. Every misunderstanding capable of being wrung from these habits is lovingly explored.

A great deal of the picture consists of the wonders he sees in Hollywood and Las Vegas, intercut with shots of him looking at them; but there is also a thread of plot of the kind that is kept alive, if you can call it that, by persistent delay in realizing that someone loved someone all the time. This involves Dan Dailey and Shirley Jones. Then there are thirty-five guest stars, some of whom (Ernie Kovacs, Jimmy Durante) are lucky enough to have something funny to do, but many being present merely so that Pepe shall fail to recognize them "as the celebrities they are," in the words of the synopsis. Cantinflas himself has the least luck of anybody.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Young Have No Morals is another imitation of *Les Tricheurs*, even to the French title (*Les Dragueurs*) and one of the stars (Jacques Charrier): entertaining, competent, empty. Of the established London shows, the only important ones left are *L'Avventura* (7/12/60), *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60), *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (9/11/60), and Bergman's *So Close to Life* (8/3/61). *The Facts of Life* (8/3/61) is a very gay, well-done comedy; *Never on Sunday* (30/11/60) is amusing in a more casual, obvious way.

Only release noticed here: *No Love for*

Johnnie (22/2/61—110 mins.), entertaining but superficial. *Five Golden Hours* (90 mins.) has Ernie Kovacs as an Italian undertaker elaborately double-crossing and being double-crossed—amusing in spots, very contrived.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Monitor

THE highest praise that one can afford a regular television programme is to worry about it. To worry means to care. Nine-tenths of TV items—at a pretty shrewd estimate—are greeted, if at all, with complete indifference; and by contrast the odd programme of enlightenment beckons like a lamp in a window stuck in a Dali wilderness. *Monitor* is such a programme. It is as exciting in conception as were *New Writing* and *CEMA*, and of course infinitely more important than either.

I worry about *Monitor*. Practical matters. Is it screened at the right time? Should it be weekly instead of fortnightly? Should the programme be repeated? Can the Huw Wheldon team keep it up? Is it in danger of missing opportunities for mainstream cultural entertainment and fishing too enthusiastically in the tributaries and distributaries of minority interests? I ask these questions regularly, and answer them nearly always in favour of the present *Monitor* set-up. The programme goes out late on Sunday night at the very end of the week-end. Is there enough time left after the show to digest it satisfactorily, to discuss it, analyse it? Only, I find, at the expense of Monday morning. Every other Monday I turn up at the office reasonably early, bright-eyed and brisk: every other Monday I turn up looking monitored, faint from the night's disputation and excessive intake of coffee. *Monitor* is a stimulating, talk-provoking programme and the business efficiency of the nation would benefit from an earlier showing. I know that there are difficulties. For all its success *Monitor* is still a minority programme, and cannot therefore be allowed to get in the way of the Sunday night music hall, play or parlour game. It is also very outspoken and adult and would often incur the wrath of timid and short-sighted parents if it went out while the schoolboys and schoolgirls were still up and about and hungry for cerebral exercise. All the same I make a strong plea for an earlier *Monitor*: it is too good to be wasted on the midnight air, too stimulating as a nightcap. And of course it should be repeated.

Why not then have a *Monitor* every Sunday? If the present team, H. W., Allan Tyrer, Nancy Thomas, Humphry Burton and Co., is already at full stretch it could, I imagine, be duplicated. Let us have competition at this level, *Monitor A v. Monitor B*. There is material enough for at least one programme a week, and there is no area of



the TV field where the BBC is so clearly ahead of the commercial channels, where there is so much room for further development. The programme is at its best, it seems to me, when it leads the viewer gently by the nose into the controversies of modern arts, when it picks up new writers, musicians, artists and actors, dissects their wares, encourages us to read, look and listen in depth . . . and passes on. It is less successful when it attempts, or allows others to attempt, a final judgment. I hasten to add that it falls very seldom into this trap: the average *Monitor* team is superbly undogmatic and equivocal, so that the viewer is made to do his own summing-up. Huw Wheldon sets the pace quite admirably. He edges his way on to the screen, fingers laced, head at the do-not-tilt angle, and proceeds to brandish his amateurish charm and innocent inquisitiveness at everything in vision.

Some, I have no doubt, find his method stuffy. I find it exactly right. If a conductor is necessary on this tour of the studios Wheldon is the man for the job, though not, obviously, the *only* man for the job. But it is important that a programme of this nature should have recognizable roots and unexceptionable continuity. After all *Monitor* is educational and needs a paternal educationist to mark the register.

Wheldon has not the penetrative powers of John Freeman in *Face to Face*, so his studio interviews with in-town-tonight celebrities are less exciting than the carefully edited film recordings that make up most of the programme. He is at his best as a strait-laced Michelmores and link-boy, tying the components together in the earnest, diffident and unobjectionable chatter of patrician togetherness.

There is so much to be grateful to *Monitor* for: the films of Lawrence Durrell, Robert Graves, Picasso, the disquisitions of Michael Ayrton, Emlyn Williams and Ronald Searle, the off-beat music, the beat artists . . . Let's hope the BBC keeps it up.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

PUNCH EXHIBITION

"Punch in the Theatre." University College of North Wales, Bangor, until March 20.

BOOKING OFFICE

IT COULD HAPPEN HERE

By SIMON RAVEN

The Ruling Servants. Bureaucracy in Russia, France and Britain. E. Strauss. George Allen and Unwin, 30/-

Political Man. Seymour Martin Lipset. Heinemann, 30/-

A POPULOUS country which is living through an uncertain age has complicated needs and so will throw up large and complicated organizations to meet them. The size and complexity of an organization then so far impresses and fascinates its members that instead of attending to their duties they become obsessed with internal machinations, with the power and prestige of the organization itself (without regard to its social purpose) and, of course, with their own power and prestige within it. This leads to all the evils, from delay and circumlocution to downright tyranny, which we associate with "bureaucracy"; and these evils, their appetite growing by what they feed on, then render the organization ever more complacent and aloof, until it becomes self-absorbed, self-governed and self-perpetuating.

This I take to be a fair summary of Mr. E. Strauss's general theme as he states it in the first part of *The Ruling Servants*. The writing is arid, to say the least of it, and the argument somewhat tautologous; but Mr. Strauss leaves us in no doubt what we are up against. He then applies his analysis to Russia, France and Great Britain. Russia and France, albeit by different processes, have both reached the stage of organizational degeneration (sorry, but you must get used to phrases like that if you are going to pursue sociology) at which the disease of bureaucracy has set in—Russia, of course, being a far more sinister case. For Great Britain, on the other hand, there is hope. The good sense and good humour of the citizens, alternating with their salutary bouts of bloody-mindedness, have moderated the dangers. But, says Mr. Strauss, be warned. The British Civil Service has, after all, both the first word and the last: for no statesman these

days can initiate legislation without his Ministry's advice as to what is practicable—not to mention the Ministry's essential service in tabulating it—and no such legislation can later be implemented save through the Ministry's executive organs. Thus, even if Parliament itself wants to reform or check the Civil Service, it must first ask the Civil Service's permission and then invite its loyal co-operation. Dig that for a gay laugh.

But on the whole, as I say, Mr. Strauss is optimistic. I am rather less so, having read, in conjunction with *The Ruling Servants*, Seymour Martin Lipset's *Political Man*. This examines "the conditions necessary for democracy," "the factors which affect men's participation in politics," and "the sources of support for values and movements which sustain or threaten democratic institutions." Professor Lipset, whose English is rather worse than Mr. Strauss's, nevertheless makes some sharp and unpopular points. He reminds us that most of the lower class

are left wing over economic issues and vote left wing because they want more money; but that when it comes to questions of race, morality, religion or civil liberty, the lower classes are about as liberal as a Bridge Evening in Bournemouth. He adds that when they (the lower classes again) are tolerably prosperous they become politically apathetic, and that any controversial issue (apart from economic ones) irritates them so much by requiring them actually to *think* that they simply ditch their votes altogether. This leaves the defence of freedom to disaffected middle-class groups (i.e., middle-class intellectuals and Jews) who are so paranoid about real or fancied slights from the rest of the middle-class that they are ready for a row about anything. However, the one thing they *won't* complain about is the Civil Service or tendencies to "bureaucracy," because the real hate of their lives is Big Business and they see the Civil Service as their champion against it.

Now all this is heady stuff. For what it amounts to is that while the apathetic and greedy workers are glued to the telly, and while liberal middle-class intellectuals are going crazy about take-over bids, no one is left to fight bureaucracy except for the almost forgotten Old Guard—The Upper Class. And so what will they do? Alas, they are so irresponsible when answering statisticians, whom they seem to regard as a joke, that no one has been able to find out. Over to you, Sir Percy Blakeney . . .

BEHIND THE SCENES

BBC
LIGHT



18—DENNIS MORRIS

Head of Light Programme at the BBC

NEW NOVELS

Set This House On Fire. William Styron. Hamish Hamilton, 21/-

The Journey. Jiro Osaragi. Trans. Ivan Morris. Secker and Warburg, 21/-

There Must Be A Pony! Jim Kirkwood. Jonathan Cape, 16/-

The Loser. Peter Ustinov. Heinemann, 16/-

Set This House On Fire is the second novel of a writer who caused a tremendous splash with his first and it carries its faults on its face. It is very long, very wordy, often overwritten and its one incident cannot really bear the weight put on it. Although it is not by any means a good novel, it has certainly got something, though, when I try to think what, I find the vaguer memory of virtues dissolving in the more precise memory of vices. There was a time when attempts at *The Great American Novel* were praised by exhausted readers for "ungainly power." Perhaps that could be what it has.

A young American stays with an

old school friend, an erudite, corrupt playboy, at a castle in a small Italian town. In a hovel on the premises lives an American painter, a soak with a loving, slatternly wife and numerous children. During a party for a film unit a peasant girl is raped and killed and the playboy ends up with a smashed skull. Round this melodramatic event is constructed a vast scheme of flashbacks, discoveries, interior monologues, conversations and switches from first-person to third-person narration. The playboy's charm, evasiveness and sexual obsessions, the soak's Franciscan charity and weakness and submission to the playboy's sadism and his final explosion of independence, and the visiting American's slow realization of the way he has been used by his rich hero as just another prop are set against a background of both European corruption contrasted with American innocence and American corruption contrasted with European innocence. The explicitness of the sex carries one over the duller, more worthy passages.

The Journey is about the influence of American-imported money-grubbing on Japanese academics. The world will be a fresh one to most readers and the love affair between the girl typist and the go-getting financier, like the relationship between the palæographer and the tycoon he has saved from drowning, will, if improbable, at least have a novel kind of improbability. As a picture of modern Japan it is more interesting than as a story. It is a bit coy in the telling and one can feel the author hissing ingratiatingly between love scenes.

There Must Be A Pony! according to the blurb, shares the qualities of *The Catcher in the Rye*. It is true that it has an American boy as its narrator and that

he writes in a mannered slang; but it is unfair to saddle it with a comparison with a far bigger book. On its own level, this account of a boy with a slipping film-star mother whose lover is found shot in a hammock is gripping and entertaining. Not quite a whodunit and certainly not a penetrating study of contemporary mores, it has vivacity and its sentimentality is inoffensive.

Mr. Ustinov is a descendant of many races; this seems to have given him a taste for racial generalization. In *The Loser* Italians are slightly comic and Germans very grim and humourless. If the story had included Swedes they would, no doubt, have been typically Swedish. The son of a German officer becomes a keen Nazi, a soldier, a war criminal and finally a man softened and humanized by love for an Italian prostitute. His adventures as a member of conquering armies, of defeated armies and of the army of refugees on the run are varied and exciting. Rather unexpectedly, the novel is not funny and not very inventive in setting. Where it scores is as a straightforward narrative of adventure against a background of war. The Amblerish stuff about the organization for smuggling escaping war criminals out of Italy comes off better than the elaborate eye-rollings of the *bon viveur* who runs the Italian police department responsible for countering it, obviously conceived as a plummy Ustinov part. Efficient if surprisingly undistinguished. — R. G. G. PRICE

Ferdydurke. Witold Gombrowicz. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. *Macgibbon and Kee*, 21/-

Those who enjoy Central European humour, spiced with a touch of Kafka horror, will find much to amuse them in this novel. It was first published in 1937 in Poland; forbidden during the earlier Communist phase there; permitted again during the Gomulka thaw, when it sold in thousands; then once more withdrawn by the Censor. It is a tribute to the extraordinary thick-headedness of Communists—perhaps the stupidest of all political enthusiasts—that they could not see that Witold Gombrowicz makes fun of everything they hold dear. The author himself refuses to admit any shape or meaning to his book, which is certainly fantastic enough. Johnnie, the characteristically futile Slav hero, finds himself suddenly inveigled back to school at the age of thirty. He lodges with the Americanized Mr. and Mrs. Youthful, falling in love with their bad-mannered, bad-tempered daughter, Miss Youthful. The latter has all the traits of the “modern girl” of all periods, and, although presumably dated at about 1936, is scarcely at all different from the contemporary beatnik, except that she is clean rather than grubby. Then there is a search for the ideal Stable Boy, with the idea of fraternizing with the People. Some of *Ferdydurke* is very funny, but

you must have the taste for that sort of thing. — ANTHONY POWELL

CASHING IN ON EICHMANN

Minister of Death. Quentin Reynolds, Ephraim Katz, Zwy Aldouby. *Cassell*, 18/-
The Capture of Adolf Eichmann. Moshe Pearlman. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 16/-
The Hunter. Tuvia Friedman. *Anthony Gibbs and Phillips*, 21/-

A nervous melancholy small boy, whose mother died when he was four years old; dark-complexioned, called at school, wrongly, “the little Jew”; later a tormentor of other schoolchildren who actually were Jews; unemployed, then a travelling salesman; in his late twenties the Austrian Nazi Party’s “expert” on Jewish affairs. This was Adolf Eichmann, a quiet man fond of drink and women, who became the chief instrument of Hitler’s “final solution,” the plan to murder all Jews everywhere. He was an instrument merely; he had been ready to carry out other plans. He had established a “model” Jewish settlement in Czechoslovakia, with its own Jewish officials, policemen, and even stamps. He had worked out in brilliant detail the “Madagascar Plan” for re-settling four million Jews on that island. Now he applied the same administrative talents to killing Jews as quickly as possible. “It was really terrible but quite necessary,” he wrote afterwards. “I was not a killer, but a man who executed orders.”

The Eichmann story is in essence the Nazi story. He was, and is, an intelligent but ordinary man. One of the frightening things about Nazism is that the men who ordered horrors were not obvious psychopaths. Eichmann was “a good fellow, a sort of individualist,” said a man who knew him under a pseudonym when he was on the run. One woman could not believe that he was Eichmann. “He was a quiet, withdrawn man. He played Mozart, Schubert, Bach and Beethoven.” Of such, when they are ruled by a criminal lunatic of genius, is the kingdom of hell.

Much the best of these three books is that written by Quentin Reynolds on a basis provided by two Israeli journalists. It does not dig very deep into Eichmann’s personality, but it does seem to give most of the essential facts about his career and capture. The least valuable is the autobiography of Tuvia Friedman, a Polish Jewish refugee who, in spite of the publicity he has been given, had little to do with Eichmann’s capture. The chief interest of Mr. Pearlman’s book is that he contradicts Mr. Reynolds on many points. Thus, the capture was simple, with Eichmann “too surprised to put up any resistance” (Reynolds), or there was a struggle, with a judo throw, fighting in the gutter and screams from Eichmann (Pearlman). He never visited the Middle East (Pearlman), or he spent two years in Syria (Reynolds). After arrival in Argentina he never left that country (Pearlman), or he paid visits to



“You’re not to worry, madam. What you have tucked in there is between you, me and the wall.”

Brazil, Paraguay, Chile and Bolivia (Reynolds). The authors' good faith is not in question. These differences simply show how difficult it is to write accurate history. — JULIAN SYMONS

SOUND DRINKING LORE

Wines and Spirits. André L. Simon. Skilton, 25/-

Sherry. Julian Jeffs. Faber 36/-

It is a comforting thought, as André Simon reminds us in *Wines and Spirits*, that the British have a better chance to acquire a catholic taste in wine than the continental peoples for whom it is difficult to see beyond their own vintages. In this comprehensive survey he gives us a short history of each of the chief vineyards in the world, with notes on their wines; a section on spirits (that regrettably neglects *marc*); and a list of most of the wines available in Britain, with the names of their shippers and agents. He has already done much to educate us in wine-drinking, and this book will help to improve our general knowledge.

Did you know that seventy per cent of the total production of sherry (including that drunk in Spain) is bought by the United Kingdom? Or that Tio Pepe means Uncle Joe? These are only two of many startling pieces of information gleaned from *Sherry*, by Julian Jeffs, who fell in love at first sight with Jerez and stayed to do the research for a scholarly but lightly written book that even has a diagram of the nail sequence in the special boots worn by the pressers at the vintage. Mr. Jeffs had the luck to be brought up by an oenophilous father; he loves wine, and writes about it with balanced respect. Everything you might wish to know about sherry is here.

— ERIC KEOWN

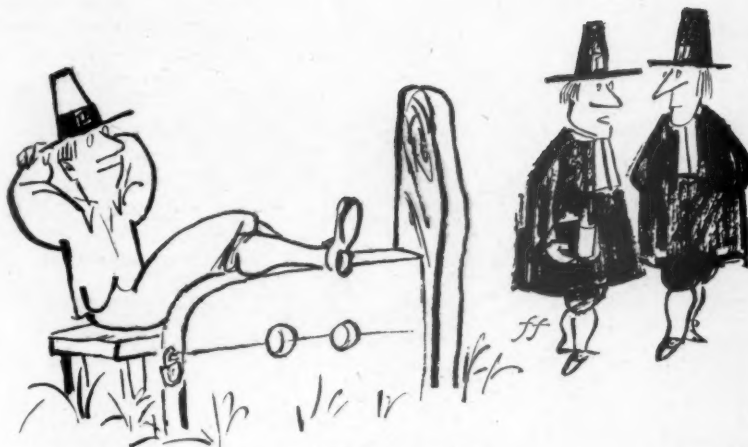
SINGLE-HANDED SAILOR

Alone Across the Atlantic. Francis Chichester. Allen and Unwin, 21/-

The daily journal of the winner of the first single-handed sailing race across the Atlantic. Starting from Plymouth on June 11 last year, Francis Chichester faced the toughest assignment of his adventurous career; thirty years earlier he flew solo from England to Australia and from New Zealand to Japan, but fifty-nine is an age at which most men write books rather than live them.

Naïve at times, but intensely personal, here is not merely a detailed record for enthusiasts of his courses, distances, speeds, sail changes and the like, but of his hopes and fears—the former dashed by constant gales and fog and the latter mostly that one of his young competitors, "that damn black-bearded Viking," would have the physical strength to keep cracking on sail. Miranda, a somewhat temperamental self-steering device, helped a bit, but Chichester's own courage and inner resource (plus a little whisky and this diary to loose off in) won him his race.

— JOHN DURRANT



"He's a trustie."

AFRICA A CENTURY AGO

Zambezia and Matabeleland in the 'Seventies. The Narrative of Frederick Hugh Barber and the Journal of Richard Frewen. Edited by Edward C. Tabler. Chatto and Windus, 45/-

Two journals—the first by an artist and game-hunter, the second by a young would-be explorer, trader and man-about-town—that complement one another and paint a racy and vivid picture of Southern Rhodesia in the outspanning 'seventies. Admirably edited, with good maps and illustrations.

— PHILIP HENGIST

PAPERBACKS

Mercury Books are the new *de luxe* Heinemann paperbacks, ranging in price (so far) from 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. The first list includes Fred Hoyle's *Frontiers of Astronomy*, selected literary criticism of D. H. Lawrence, Thomas Mann's collected short stories, J. L. Talmon's *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* and A. C. Crombie's survey of science in the Middle Ages, *Augustine to Galileo*, in two volumes.

Among new Evergreen Originals (*Evergreen Books*) is the first English version of André Breton's *Nadja*, a pioneer surrealist novel.

CREDIT BALANCE

Faintly Smiling Mouth. Eric Bligh. Secker and Warburg, 16/- Sequel to *Tooting Corner*, one of the best modern autobiographies. Author now an Edwardian youth, quaffing in the Strand, "spouting" in Sussex, hating gothic revival churches, fighting his terrible stammer and courting an amiable but unresponsive beauty in Streatham. Witty, wilful, topographically alert and quite unlike anything else. Stern criticism of West Norwood unfair; it abuts on Dulwich.

Congo Disaster. Colin Legum. Penguin, 2/6. A thorough survey of the causes and the events of the Congolese crisis, beginning with Stanley and Leopold II and ending with the displacement of Lumumba's government and some stimulating enough thought on the principles involved and possible courses of action. A useful vademecum for those who deplore the Congo disasters but are still a bit vague about them.

Wolfbane. Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth. Gollancz, 13/6. Three new civilizations, one "extrapolated" from Zen, one from Fascism, and the third purely machine-dominated, give this last work of a famous partnership oodles of just what their devotees expect. Real vintage SF.



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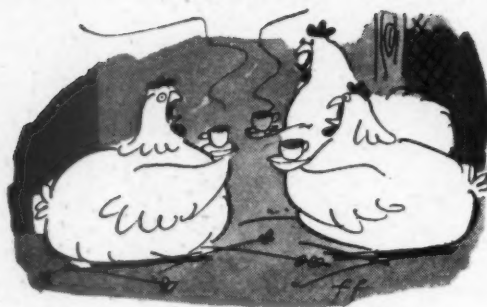
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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE

FOR
WOMEN



Ghost Writer

THERE must be easier ways of getting children to bed than doing their homework. Once you get caught in this dangerous vortex, only the indomitable escape. For all I know, there might be an easy way to become indomitable too, but until then, here I sit, spitting out bits of wood and lead trying to get worked up over "A Favourite Walk." Pity I never liked walking, except as far as the pub, and the supposed author throws a wicked scene if I even suggest fresh air.

Wonder how much longer I can play this perilous game. So far, the teachers have proved an artless lot and have

failed to recognize the work of a master hand. Even when I brazenly lift a piece they don't seem able to identify Patrick Campbell when they read him and merely comment, a trifle testily, "You can do better than this." Just to throw them off the scent, I sometimes bribe the children to write their own essays, then they get sent home with a note upbraiding me for sending them when they're obviously not well.

However, this is getting me nowhere with this ghastly walk. Let me see . . . I've got as far as the enjoyment he gets from wading into the river, and his wellingtons are gradually filling up,

dragging him further and further down into the mud. Now he's gurgling and yelling for help. Oh, don't worry, I'll get a few peevish fishermen to rescue him in a moment. Or shall I bother? I don't know. Wish I could watch *Wagon Train*. Wish I could even mis-spell as originally as this nine-year-old, then my work would have a more authentic touch.

But I must hurry as I have yet to throw together a six-page punishment essay for another son. This is the fourth punishment I've done this week and I think it must be something to do with the first one I did. You see, I was so upset when the Head had the effrontery to restrain my little one from behaving like a lunatic, that I lost my head completely and dashed off a wicked little piece headed "Are we at Borstal or Grammar School?" Poor kid, he didn't understand a word of it and is naturally a little pained at his subsequent victimization. So am I.

How does this sound? . . . "My mother's always telling me to get lost so one day I did and it was a lot of fun and I don't know why she came looking for me she is a newsance and that's my faveritt work. The End." Not bad eh? Might even end up as a professional ghost writer and achieve a kind of stealthy fame. Anyone care to send me their children's homework? Low fees; work guaranteed to wreck their chances.

—JOAN HARBORNE



"So this is where you've been all the time, is it?"

Podés and Antipodes

I WAS thirteen when my mother took us back to her native New Zealand to visit our numerous relatives there.

They turned out to be kind, hospitable, more English than the English and suffered from a certain inaccuracy in their pronunciation which caused them to refer to their country as Niew Zilland. They also called me Hellree. But as a priggish, *soi-disant* ambassador from what they sentimentally called "Home," I gravely decided not to point out their mistakes. Anyway, my brother and I were not of any great importance as it was my mother, the one who had "got away," who was the real showpiece.

During our year there, three big events took place.

The first was when my father rang my mother from London. This was really exotic—more so than the flaming pohutakawa trees that made the cosy shore-side villas look so tame—but wasn't an entire success as it plunged my mother into floods of tears for days and rendered her acutely English just when she had been acclimatizing nicely.

The second was when familial bonhomie had been stretched to breaking point and snapped over the matter of my brother's accent. Overnight, he adopted a ripe, raw Antipodean tang. My mother accepted this development

resignedly until our nearest and erstwhile dearest took to deploring his unfortunate nasal *cockney* lilt.

Looking back I can hardly blame them as they'd had quite a lot to put up with on our account. In the end this outburst of chauvinist feeling acted as a healthy corrective to the initial over-enthusiasm that had greeted our arrival. Anyway, we all felt much better afterwards and more at home with each other.

The third and, for me, the most pregnant event was the suggestion that I should attend school with my numerous cousins. I was utterly shocked by this crazy idea and more so when my mother accepted it with alacrity.

Whereas my London school had been exclusive, snobbish, sub-debby and expensive, our local school was tough, democratic, robust and free. I knew that no good could possibly come of the decision but I wasn't even consulted.

So I was rigged out with the regulation gym-slip, lunch-box and satchel and was utterly abandoned by my mother and brother who went gadding off to the South Island—the one place I really rather wanted to see, as it happened. But who cared? No one, it seemed.

On my first day at school I was subjected to a somewhat humiliating examination. From this it became evident that, apart from English Literature, I knew next to nothing about anything.

As I handed in my blank papers I said defiantly and a trifle ill-advisedly, as I realized later: "But, of course, in my London school we read Plutarch's *Lives every day!*"

The amused headmaster replied courteously, if broadly: "Well, you'll find it's the three Rs that count in our scules, my dear child!" And, much as I pitied his pronunciation, I had to give him best on that one.

By mid-morning I had been graded; Class 6 for Eng.Lit. along with the near-adults and Class 1 for everything else along with the newcomers and the nitwits. My cousins, all being normal and properly educated, were in neither Class, so I was left to sink or swim on my own. So, with the exception of English, I sank with the minimum of bubbles.

In the rowdy lunch-break my loyal

relatives rescued me from the playground lavatory where I had fled for refuge. To prove that they were on my side, come what might, they chummily shortened my name to "Hell," but this wasn't a great comfort to me really. Not at the time.

Then the others took over, ringing me in on the asphalt. It seemed that somehow they had heard of the Plutarch's *Lives* episode, alas.

"Going to tell us how to talk, Hellree? Look, we'll write some things down and you just tell us how to say them properly, see? C'mon, here's a real beaut!"

They shoved a piece of paper with ONEHUNGA written on it.

"How'd you say *that* in your grand London scule, eh?"

I gulped. "Wunn-hunger," I said tentatively.

Their gratified shrieks of laughter were near-hysterical. I rather got their point when they told me it was really Oh-nee-hung-er.

Blushing, I bit into the familiar comfort of a sandwich. "Well," I said, "we don't have many Maori names in London. But," as an inspired afterthought, "we *do* have lots of real foreigners!"

"Uhu!" they chanted implacably. "People like you, you mean? Who can't speak the lingo. Now say this one."

They wrote something very simple next—ONE TREE HILL. Deceptively simple, I thought, instantly on my guard. My spirits rose.

"I'm not a *complete* fool!" I told



them coolly. "I bet that's pronounced Oh-nee-Tree-Hill!"

As it happened, it wasn't. And ever afterwards they reminded me daily that the figure before two was oh-nee. I'd certainly bought that one all right.

Well, I survived and my cousins managed to live me down. And when I finally returned to my London school, I had quite an edge on the snobby sub-debs. They hadn't been to school with a real Maori princess nor had they learnt the three Rs twelve thousand miles from home. (Few of them ever did learn the three Rs, as a matter of fact.)

And when ignoramuses enquired how I'd enjoyed my stay in Australia, I'd reply witheringly: "It was Niew Zilland, as it happens and it's quite, quite different. You see, I went to scule there, so I really *knaow!*"

— HILARY HAYWOOD

Chums

SERENA is my envy and Serena's my delight,
For everything Serena does is so supremely right.

No fretting and no fuming, no fiddle and no fuss:
No fear of dropping half her change with one foot on the 'bus,
No messes in her make-up (which is faultless to a fault),
No crises in her cooking (such as running out of salt),
No mixing of appointments in her little leather book,
No anguish as she mends a fuse or hammers home a hook,
No spilling as the guests arrive a cocktail down her dress,
No breakfast-table greetings that begin in red "Unless . . ."
No daily helps to dog her day, no men to haunt her night—
But there's the rub (and please don't think I say this out of spite):

One can't foretell the future but I'd lay a heavy bet;
For she, you see, is forty-three and hasn't hooked him yet.

— PAMELA SINCLAIR

Toby Competitions

No. 157—What's the Joke?

THIS drawing by Thackeray appeared in *Punch* in 1847. No one, excepting presumably the artist, has ever known, then or since, what it meant. Some believe that the explanatory caption must have been left out. Supply a caption in dialogue or any other form explaining where the laugh came.



HORRID TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE!

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, March 22.** Address to TOBY COMPETITIONS No. 157, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 154

("What's it for?")

A letter from the inventor of a safety-pin, trouser clip, bootlace or spring to a manufacturer interesting him in its possibilities was required. There was an overwhelming preference for the safety pin, and very few omitted the nappie. Too many competitors concerned themselves with the accepted uses of the article instead of trying to imagine another use to which it might be put. The winner is:

MRS. MARJORIE ENGLISH
318 RAEBURN AVENUE
SURBITON
SURREY

I crave your interest in a Device which may be of use in a Humble way and Profitable.

Contemplating my Loom, I idly fashioned a narrow Cord, which has been used by my Eldest—ah! youth's craze for speed—to repair his Hobby Horse. My Youngest finds it handy for carrying books to the Academy. My servant deceived her Mistress by mending a

Parasol by similar means. As men of the world, forgive my mentioning that my Wife gladly used it when an accident befell her Stays. Attaching tags may render this Cord convenient for lacing Boots.

Following are the runners-up:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a specimen of an all-purposes article which I am sure you will find economical and profitable to mass-produce. I list some of its many uses:

- (a) To help the export drive this has already proved popular among African tribesmen who use it coloured for adornment of nose, ears and wrists.
- (b) Is a very efficient nose-clip when dealing with cheese.
- (c) May be used as an alternative to rubber in an exciting variant of the game quoits.
- (d) Encourages cloth trade which, while advocating non-Edwardian trousers, also advise cyclists to use our product.

P. W. R. Foot, 23 Hazelbrouck Gardens, Barkingside, Essex

DEAR SIR,—This letter will arrive rolled and secured by flexible tubular plaiting of fine linen, worth even your respect. Consider, sir, its uses in engineering, starting flywheels, securing parts; in giving powers of uplift to dress or coiffure; in liaisons in the garden. Imagine its repairs to spectacles, guitar, racquet, harness, leather work, jewellery, curtain rails. Its metal tags, by no means permanent, give way to a characteristic fringed effect. Cat's cradles are readily made. Finally, let us learn from the football or from Elizabethan costume to secure our footwear with a similar intricate and flexible design.

Miss M. Dunn, The Cottage, Cottage Place, Chelmsford, Essex.

GENTLEMEN,—May I introduce an invention, as yet untitled, with a multiplicity of uses? Consisting of a strip (length to taste) of stranded cotton with a metal tab at each end, it might replace pyjama cords, being easier both to insert and to recover when lost. It could also supersede the normal frayed string to bind authors' manuscripts; and in time, fashion might sanction its use as a necktie.

Yours faithfully,
J. BLOGGS.

P.S.—It occurs to me that, if boot buttons were replaced by holes, my device could secure footwear with greater flexibility than is now enjoyed.

J. Audsley, 57 Park View, New Malden, Surrey

ESTEEMED AND HONOURABLE MAKING-LORD,—I raise brush hoping slight attention granted unworthy idea of insignificant self. Consider, please, problem of temporarily fastening cloths: saviour of many embarrassing incidents among geishas has been humble pin; which, respectfully reminding, is small rod sharp one end blunt other. This is pushed through cloths, removed when unneeded.

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Lord, I abase myself before you, and our glorious Peacock Throne, and remain, insignificantly,

YON-HUI-TER

John Wheeler, 26 St. Albans Avenue, Weybridge, Surrey

Book-tokens also to the Rev. V. D. Parkes, *The Vicarage, Llanganten, Builth Wells, Brecon*; and Roger Till, 14 Western Hill, Durham

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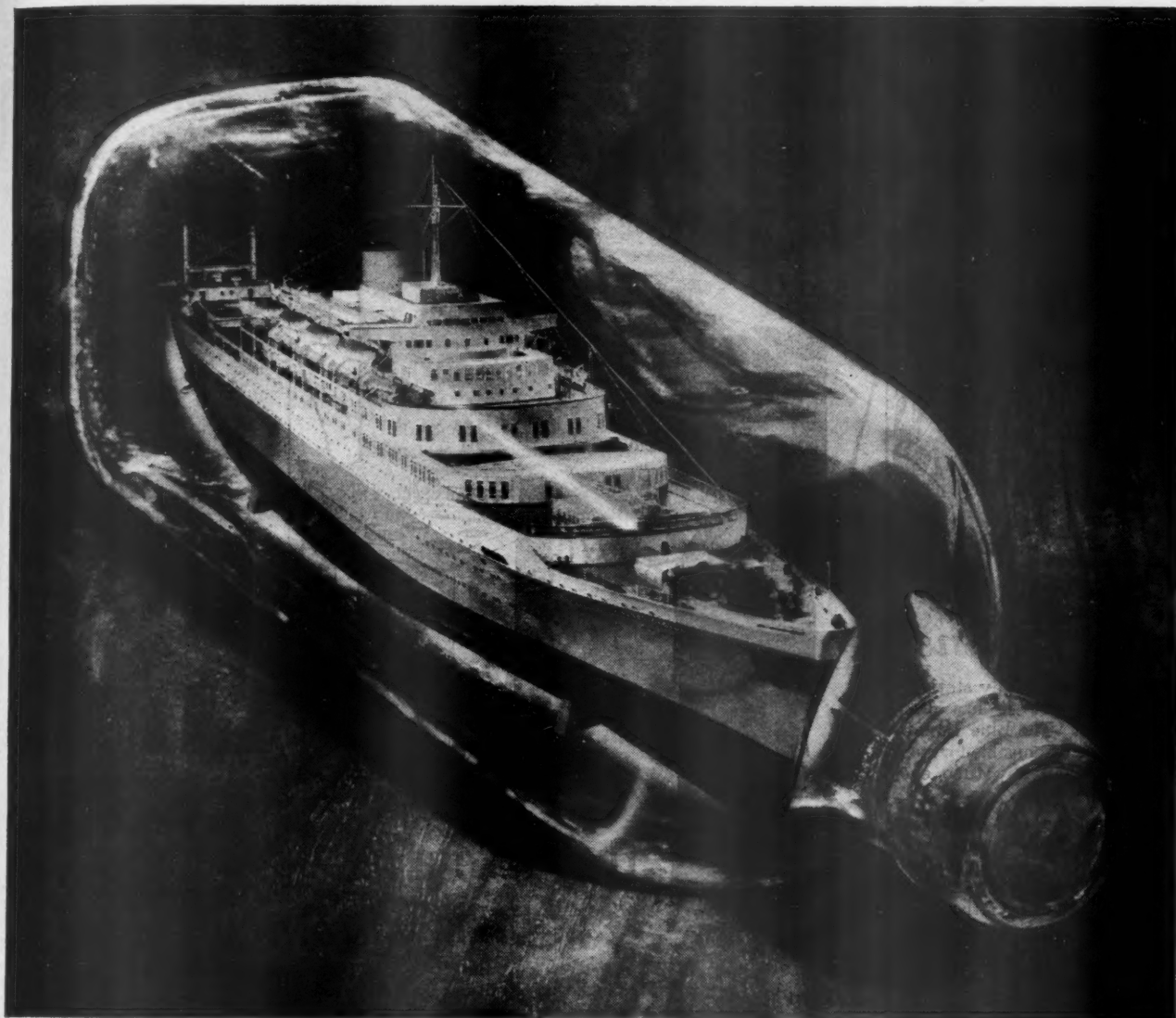
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Fig. 1 Long time no sea



Fig. 2 After Union-Castle sea treatment



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Sir



EDITORS are seldom 'Dear' to their correspondents, a deprivation which probably worries them less than it would me. "Sir", the letters begin, in what sounds a hectoring tone; but the worst that is likely to follow is a stuffy "my attention has been drawn" or a pained "your correspondent is mistaken."

You can tell a good deal about a newspaper from its Letters to the Editor—because they tell you what sort of people it appeals to. Some columns tend to be preoccupied with Our Budgie, age seven, who can recite the whole first line of The Last Fight of the Revenge. Some are excoriated battlefields ringing for weeks with rival rallying cries about the origin of a nursery rhyme.

Observer readers show us, however, that liveliness need not be silly, nor moral indignation shrill. Of course this could be due to some sort of selection committee in Tudor Street. But I think not. This Editor does not censor (he certainly makes no bones about printing letters taking him to task for the occasional mistake). The letters simply reflect the natural good sense and mental vigour of their writers.

Urbanity and Wit

Another striking thing is that they correct the impression—hard to escape when one looks at some other correspondence columns—that writers to the newspapers are a special sort of exhibitionist crank. These are ordinary people engaged in a civilized exchange of ideas with intelligence, urbanity and wit.

Sometimes too The Observer provides a forum for a point of view that would otherwise hardly get a hearing, as when it recently printed a long letter from Georgi Zhukov, Chairman of the Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations.

Reviews of Oxford lectures; working wives; the Honours list; doubts about Freud (and doubts about the doubts); Christian Unity—what a sweep and scope there has been in late weeks.

J.B.L.

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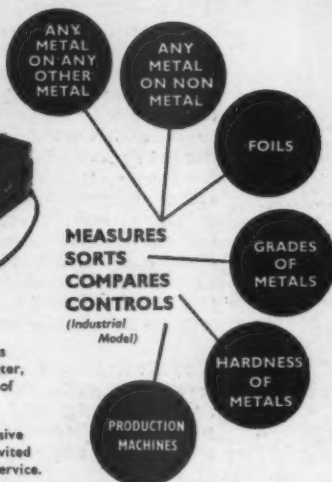
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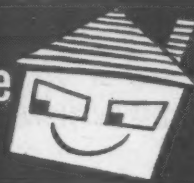
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